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THE
EMIGRANT'S TALE;
AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



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THE
EMIGRANT'S TALE;

A POEM,

IN TWO PARTS:

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY JAMES BIRD.

LONDON:

BALDWIN AND CRADOCK.

MDCCCXXXIII.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM the Title of the following Poem, the Reader may, perhaps, before he commences his task, be led to expect a new description of “Life in the Wilds,” or an illustration of the doubtful struggles of a Settler in “The far West,” of his adventures among the red Indians of the Lakes, and of his occasional alarm at the unexpected attack from

The Stoic of the Woods, the Man without a tear.

But notwithstanding the new and striking situations in which the first Settlers in the Forest must be placed, and although great interest is attached to the localities, and to the probable future greatness of the British possessions in North America, yet, to the man who has an English heart in his bosom, the *necessity* for the self-expatriation, which, to so great an extent, has become apparent, must not only be a subject of painful regret, but

must force his attention to the *causes* of its existence. To investigate these causes belongs to the political Economist and Historian. The Author has only attempted, in the construction of a Domestic Story, to give an illustrative sketch of the effects of the late War upon British Agriculture and Industry, and to draw a few pictures of national and individual character, the latter of which, though they may be painted with an unskilful hand, are nevertheless, tolerable likenesses of the originals, which had once a more distinct and substantial existence, than that in which the writer's imagination has clothed them.

It may be proper to remark, that a few of the minor Poems, in the present volume, have before made their appearance in the Annuals, and other Periodicals of the day.

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NOTE.—The Song at page 183, “I SAW HIM ON THE MOUNTAIN,” is set to Music, and just published, by Mr. Z. T. PURDAY, 45, High Holborn.



INTRODUCTION.

O'ER the wide empire of CANADIAN plains,
O'er their vast solitudes deep silence reigns,
Tired echo sleeps by silent dale and hill,
The boundless woods, the mighty lakes are still,
Soft gleams the sky as the declining day
Melts into twilight's sober shade away.

By the lone brink of NIAGARA'S¹ stream,
Watching the sun's last, lingering, dying gleam,
Two friends were seated:—on the brow of one
Care's hand had written what her spite had done;
His cheek was flushed, as though from restless thought
More pain than joy his 'wakening memory caught,

While o'er his mind sad visions of the past
Long vanished-hours, their mournful shadows cast.
Yes ! keen remembrance to his soul would bring
The transient glory of life's happier spring ;
Renew with stern yet not less vivid powers
The storm and peril of those wintry hours,
Which, cold and dreary, on his native shore
Laid bare hope's stem that might not blossom more !

BRITAIN his birth-place—well he loved that name,
And wished it taintless as his own by shame :
Though now an alien to her soil, though gone
The sand he built his house of hope upon,
And though no more in happy mood he treads
Her fertile uplands, and her verdant meads,
No more he hears her cuckoo in the vale,
Her soaring lark, her sleepless nightingale,
No more beholds her peasants trip along
(How happy, then !) to labour with a song.
Though all are banished from his eye and ear,
Yet memory's magic brings them pictured near,

And more than these are deeply written now
Within his brain, and saddened is his brow,
While thought dwells mournful on departed time,
That wrought him woe, but linked him not with crime.

His friend beheld the inward strife, and spoke—
“THORNTON! the galling, the oppressive yoke
Weighs still thy spirit down!—thou know’st full well
The pledge thou gav’st thy promised Tale to tell,
And, when I urged thee to the task again,
Thou still hast waived it, as a task of pain,
Yet haply now, my friend, thou wilt relate
The chance and change that marked thy former fate:
I would not urge thee, THORNTON, but the care
Of day is past, the evening softly fair
Invites to linger where its sweets are shed;
Our sheep are folded, and our kine are fed,
And, while thy Wife prepares our frugal meal,
Redeem thy pledge, and to thy friend reveal
The story of thy life!”—From THORNTON’S eye
Shot a bright glance as came his quick reply,
“MAURICE! thou plead’st not vainly—I can bear
All that the past has wrought me—its despair

Is fled, and time has here my heart subdued,
Nature's profound and awful solitude,
Free from Man's heartless treachery and guile,
Has been as balm unto my soul—the smile
Of priceless Woman has at *last* shed o'er
My heart a light which cannot vanish more ;
Yet, as remembrance to my aching brain
Recalls the past, and all its strife again,
Oh ! marvel not, if, borne on passion's gale,
My soul be ruffled by my chequered tale."

Awhile he paused—deep silence reigned—no sound
Was heard above, beneath them, nor around,
Save a low booming, like the distant wave,
That came far off from NIAGARA'S cave,
Where falls the Cataract, where shakes the sod,
As though it trembled at the voice of God !
Wild NIAGARA !—marvel of a land
Where nature scatters with her mightiest hand
Her gifts—plain, river, lake, and forest-tree,
All most sublime, yet all surpassed by thee !
Stupendous miracle ! the light that flies
More swift than thought along the flashing skies

Darts with thy speed ; but thunder, pealing o'er
The echoing heaven, is feeble to thy roar !
Thy mass of living waters, and thy spray,
'Mid which the bright and liquid meteors play,
Thy awful plunge into the dark abyss,
No pen can paint, no pencil picture this !
We gaze upon thee in delight and fear,
And feel that nature's mighty God is near !

Now THORNTON raised his large and speaking eye,
Gazed to the east intent, and mournfully,
His mind beyond the vast Atlantic roved,
'Mid scenes long lost, long cherished, and long loved ;
It sought among the busy haunts of youth
To gain the deep impression of their truth,
And thus restore the past remembered years,
Their pains, their perils, vivid hopes and fears,
Sorrows and joys.—So pondering, he sought
Pensive to trim the shaded lamp of thought,
And then, directed by its magic beam,
Pursued his TALE, and thus began the theme.

THE
EMIGRANT'S TALE.

PART FIRST.

LIGHT of my soul ! fair memory ! renew
The mirror of the past, when fancy drew
In dazzling colours, doomed, alas ! to fade,
Pictures of loveliness, whose light and shade
So sweetly blended, that I could not deem
Their beauty soon might vanish as a dream !
Home of my childhood ! thy remembered charm
Steals o'er my heart !—my Father's upland farm,

Each shady nook, and blossomed thorn, and tree,
All most familiar and most dear to me ;
My Mother's kind affection, and her care,
Sweet e'en to think of.—Oh ! how sweet to share !
A Sister's love, and oft approving smile,
Our daily blessings, and our daily toil,
The social eve around our happy hearth,
My Father's wisdom, and our youthful mirth,
The peasant's cottage, and the stately hall,
The grove, the rectory, the stream, and all
The smiling Village, and the neighbouring grange,
Still haunt my memory, as though no change
Had dimmed the sun of those departed years,
That rose in joyousness, but set in tears !

E'en now my rapt, my ardent fancy sees
Our neat white homestead glittering through the trees ;
The blooming garden, with the green-leaved vine,
The honey suckle, and the jessamine,
That crept with pure and fragrant blossoms o'er
The whitened wall, and round our gothic door,
The distant River's clear, expanding tide,
The wooded hills that rose on either side,

As though to guard the ORWELL on its way,
Lest the sweet stream should from their shelter stray !
The ruined church o'er which the ivy creeps,
The dotted knolls where many a good man sleeps,
The sunny pasture where our cattle fed,
The winding path that to the Village led,
Where oft at morn with lingering steps I trod
To school, in spite of STEDMAN, and the rod !

Our village Pedagogue was one, whose race
Is now extinct :—the grandeur of his face
Was like the ancient Roman's, wisely stern,
He did not *teach*, but ordered us to *learn* !
In all the solemn labour of his school,
He thought, and looked, and moved, and spoke by rule,
And, as he shook his learned head, and cast
His eye around, that threatened as it past,
Each glance was measured, every shake so true,
That e'en the motion of his ponderous queue
Seemed like a formal pendulum of lead,
To time the mental clock-work of his head !
Six feet his stature, as an arrow strait,
Firm and unbending his majestic gait,

Yet, though he would not stoop to Lords or Dons,
 He often stooped to flog his truant ones !
 Whether to shew his learning, or his wit,
 I know not, but he sometimes let me sit
 Three tedious weeks, lorn, prosing o'er my slate,
 Without one *hint* my dulness to abate ;
 He taught me not to add, subtract, divide,
 At length, perchance, the idler to deride,
 While he my gloomy incubation watched,
 Would ask, contemptuous, " Has the goose not hatched ?"
 Thou hast been sitting three full weeks in vain,
 And still no offspring from thy dreamy brain !—
 Hast thou not found the sum's right quotient yet !"
 " No Sir !" I drawled, " the *Rule*, Sir, I forget."—
 " What ! after *all* I've told you !—after *all* !
 RULE—*Write the numbers—let points decimal*
Stand in a line directly under each :
 How plain to learn, when I so clearly teach !
 Know, Boy, that decimals are different quite,
 Some are *interminate*, and some *finite*,
 Some *single repetends*—some *circulate*.
 'Tis twelve o'clock, Boy—put away your slate !"

Such was the man to teach my youthful mind
The wealth of knowledge, and the truth to find ;
Such was the man true wisdom to impart,
To lead the intellect, to form the heart !
Such was the man, who, at my Father's board
Dined twice a year, and, from his brain, ill-stored,
Quoted with pride—methinks I hear him speak—
Three scraps of barbarous Latin, four of Greek,
Which made my Father stare, my Mother sigh,
And wish her Son just such a prodigy !

Beyond the school, upon a verdant slope,
The rectory stood—there dwelt the mourner's hope,
Our modest Pastor—not the man who took
The golden fleece, and then the flock forsook—
Our Rector dwelt far off, and only came
Once in the year, to flatter, or to blame,
Shook hands with farmers—smiled upon their wives,
His annual Easter-Offering through their lives,
Bowed to their daughters—kissed their children blithe,
Wished them “ good bye”—and vanished with his tithe !

The nobler Curate was a man, whose mind
Was rich in truth, and love of human kind ;
Oft have I seen him at the Peasant's door,
Who smiled, and scarcely felt that he was poor,
So kind the Pastor's sympathy was shown,
All loved the man to whom his worth was known,
And when he graced the pulpit, I have heard
With joy profound the doctrine of God's word,
Till every hope and fear, nay, every sense
Was rapt, enchanted by his eloquence.—
And when his meek, yet fervent soul hath striven
To draw the wanderer to the path of heaven,
There rolled no thunders from his voice, no ire
Flashed from his eye, eternal wrath and fire,
He loved not then with fiend-like mind to dwell
On shrieks of woe, sulphureous fires of hell,
And cries of agony, that rise above
A welcome offering to the God of love !
No ! he would strive the erring soul to win
By gentler teachings from the bonds of sin,
Paint the disgusting horror of all crime,
The lofty aspect virtue wears sublime,

Teach how the mourner's true repentant tears,
Might purify his heart, allay his fears,
And lead his contrite soul to HIM alone
Whose handmaid, *Mercy*, smiles around his throne !

Each charm that nature in her beauty yields
The Pastor loved, and, in my Father's fields
Would stroll beside me as I turned the hay,
And scatter germs of wisdom by the way ;
He told me truths of which I had not dreamed,
Sublime and new, till o'er my spirit beamed
Light from the sun of knowledge, that soon warmed
My youthful breast, my ardent fancy charmed.
To him I owe all that my wayward mind
Has gleaned, from dull and worldly dross refined ;
From him my soul high aspirations caught,
Oh ! had I practised what the good man taught !
GRENVILLE ! revered ! had I, like thee, subdued
Each wilder passion with false pride imbued ;
Had I, like thee, attached my hope where strife
Mars not the loveliness, the grace of life ;
Had I thy gentleness of soul, thy zeal
To give no wound, but only balm to heal,

Life then had been a Paradise, where all
Its fruit might tempt, yet could not bring my fall !

Deep in the vale, beside the clustering wood,
The lofty mansion of our Landlord stood,
Where slowly winding by the verdant ridge
The streamlet stole beneath the rustic bridge ;
The huge square towers, and high projections, bold,
Declared some strong baronial pile of old,
A proud memorial of the ages gone,
Appropriate model of the old SIR JOHN !
He was a man of vanished days—a bough
Of the old English Oak, half-withered now :
Welcome and plenty smiled within his hall,
His farms were neat, and better still, were small ;
His tenants honest, worthy, and content,
Could pay, without a banker's cheque, their rent !
His mind benevolent, his ready hand
Diffused the golden produce of his land,
Not amid vicious courts on foreign shores,
Lavished the knight his most abundant stores,
He sought no gambling haunts, no rattling dice,
To lose his fame and fortune in a trice—

He loved the pastime which the country yields,
The nobler sport of garnished woods and fields,
Where gladness spread her voice o'er hill and vale,
And health rode smiling on the balmy gale.

Oft in the dewy morn mine eye hath seen
His jocund Huntsman in his cap of green,
With finger lifted to his tingling ear
Direct the chase—while sped the bounding deer—
Raised on his stirrup check the faulty pack,
“Hark! *Rattler!*—*Rockwood*, boy!—try back!—try back!”
Then came SIR JOHN, and then a motley train,
With merry faces, spurring o'er the plain.
If, when the pleasures of the chase were o'er,
He haply reached an honest Tenant's door,
He entered smiling, quaffed the home-brewed ale,
And courteous listened to the Housewife's tale,
Yea, with the placid patience of a saint,
Heard each request, and every grave complaint.
“SIR JOHN, the gate is broken, and the cows
Break from their pasture on our corn to browse!
The tiles are shattered on the roof, the water
Drips on the crib, where sleeps my youngest daughter;

The attic window, Sir, has lost its lead,
The night-winds whistle round my maiden's bed !
The late strong gales, SIR JOHN,"—" Good Dame ! forbear,
All these dire ills my Steward shall repair."
Now would he smile, and then with accents bland,
Address her boy, take little Reuben's hand,
And leave the urchin spell bound by the charm,
The half-crown glittering in his tiny palm !

When, unreproached, a Tenant breathed his last,
Whose lease of land with that of life was past,
SIR JOHN appeared not with impatient arm
To thrust the Widow from her well-tilled farm,
Raised not her rent because another came
To fan the fire of avarice into flame,
And proffered freely from his richer store
A paltry half-a-crown an acre more !
Oppression's foe, his happy heart beat high
With generous pride, with lofty charity,
And had he lived—Oh ! memory brings again
The good man's dying-day—that hour of pain
From which I date the winter that came o'er
My Father's destiny !—The storms that roar

Around the Oak year after year, will blast
Its verdant life, and shatter it at last !

My Father's sorrows to my heart have taught
A valued lesson, with deep wisdom fraught :
Yes ! though the lightnings flashed around his way,
And tempests threatened, and obscured his day,
Though dire misfortune came at length to be
His stern companion, and his enemy,
Though all but honour in the strife was lost,
And that held spotless at a mournful cost ;
Yet, not the lightning's flash, the tempest's roar,
The billows howling on grief's desert shore,
Nor the rough blast by which life's barque was driven
Could change his course right onward unto heaven !

Our Landlord's heir was yet a youth, and placed
Where *Isis* glides, by halls of learning graced.—
His Guardians soon without one cause assigned
Dismissed the good old STEWARD, though his mind
Had long watched o'er his Master's wide estate,
And—strange to tell—had won more love than hate !

He was not one whom all the poor abhorred,
Who deemed himself far better than his Lord,
Unlike the Man whose stewardship is sought
To play the tyrant, and to hold at nought
A Tenant's just complaint—whose constant aim
Is to amass more wealth than honest fame,
Whose mean suspicion, and whose love of pelf
Let no one rob his Master—but himself!
No! WESTON gained the true esteem of all,
Displayed alike in cottage and in hall;
No neighbouring hearth, no frugal rustic board,
No Farmer's table with its dainties stored
Smiled where he was not welcome;—though his power
Was rudely checked, his life's declining hour
Was blessed with sunshine, beaming gladly forth
From hearts that owned the greatness of his worth!
Such was old WESTON, but the modern Man
That seized his office, was a feeble span
Against a giant, or a vapour dim
Against the morning's light, compared with him!

When BARNARD came, there came a change to all,
His soul was haughty, and his knowledge small,
While by his gravity of face and mien
He aped what Socrates of old had been—
The man of wisdom !—but the searching eye
Soon marked the reach of his profundity,
The oozy shallows of the mind within,
The false pretender in the Lion's skin !
Yet lurked there something in his subtle mind
Unknown to hearts more open and refined,
That selfish cunning which the good despise,
Which oft deceives the wary and the wise :
BARNARD would cringe, and flatter, fawn and smile,
Steal to your bosom, yet betray the while !
Robust his form, and, when he strode the earth,
He seemed to scorn that parent of his birth ;
He proudly boasted that his veins held blood
Derived from chiefs and nobles since the flood,
That strange calamity reduced his race ;
While self-importance swelled his pompous face,
As though his Ancestors, whose fame was dim,
Lived, moved, and had their being all in him !

To him my Father, Mother, Sister owe
The drops most bitter in their cup of woe,
And I too felt his malice, and his hate ;
Was joy for me when they were desolate ?
Oh ! when thought dwells on him, a dark eclipse
Comes o'er my soul ! upon my quivering lips
A withering curse hangs ready to depart
On BARNARD'S name, in horror from my heart,
But that a soft, yet mighty voice, from heaven
Has said—*forgive, if ye would be forgiven !*

Dear native Village ! thou had'st *one* bright spot,
Though I forsook it, it forsakes me not !
It haunts my waking thoughts, my sleeping dreams,
Oh ! it was *once* to me as are the beams
Of the fair, constant, cheering sun to all
On which the glories of their brightness fall !
Beside the margin of our village-green
A Cottage stood—no human eye hath seen
A spot more lovely : gently rose the ground,
Where nature scattered many a grace around,
The whitethorn blossomed at the garden gate,
While near it towering in majestic state

Waved a huge Elm, whose every trembling leaf
When last I saw it touched my soul with grief.
Yes! the new life that spring around them shed,
Seemed but to mock me—in my heart were dead
The leaves of hope!—yet that green spreading tree
Had formed a bower of sweet delight to me!
The ivy creeping round its stem, the chair
Of knotted oak, that stood fantastic there,
The grassy plat beside the cottage door,
The mossy rose and flowering shrubs before,
The lily's blossom on the lucid brook,
The sunny knolls, and every sheltered nook
Of that dear spot, still present to my mind,
Awaken thoughts no earthly power can bind;
There first the hope that rapt my soul was cast,
There first was kindled, and there lingered last,
There sprang the source of all I feel and felt,
There nature's gem, the lovely ALICE, dwelt!

Fair were the charms of that enchanted place,
How fairer still the beauty of her face!
Her form was like that statue's, which of old
Inflamed the living heart!³ the sterling gold

Of nature's mine was wrought within her breast,
Her every thought with virtue's power impressed,
Gave to her smile an influence to impart
A thrilling joy resistless to the heart.
A light beamed softly in her eye, whose ray
Showed the young spirit's brightly-rising day,
Her modest brow, her snowy bosom fair,
The glossy tresses of her chesnut hair,
Her voice of melody, her step that fell
Light as a fawn's upon the grassy dell,
'Neath which the flowers but gently bent, to shed
Their incense sweet in homage of her tread !
The winning grace and beauty round her thrown,
The charm that won and kept the heart her own,
Oh ! these with gentleness and truth combined,
And all that gives a lustre to the mind,
Formed the bright chain, whose every link contained
Electric fire that raptured, or that pained,
Bound my soul closer to her earthly sphere,
Yet seemed to bring a purer heaven near !

ALICE had once a Brother—ere the spring
Of life had shown its fullest blossoming,

He sought the main, unfriended and alone
He left his home—his meteor-youth had shone
Erratic in its course—the wayward boy
Restless in heart, felt no domestic joy,
The sounding Ocean and the battle's roar
To him were music—on a foreign shore
He fell: the tidings to his Mother's ear,
Though brief, bore witness to his brave career.
A Mother's grief I need not tell—her tears
Gush from a fount, exhaustless e'en by years,
A fount the heart-springs of her love supply,
That love which fails not and which cannot die !
Oft of her SON she spoke, and loved to dwell
With fondness on his memory ; and would tell
Of all his bold, yet sometimes froward sports,
His lonely wanderings, and his wild resorts ;
And then the warmer and more genial light
That made the outline of his picture bright,
Displayed the beauties of a fertile mind,
A heart though daring, yet by nature kind,
She proudly showed : and oft my ALICE spoke
Of him, her Brother, though her speech awoke

But faint remembrance of his form or face ;
So early parted, ALICE could not trace
Within her soul the image of the boy
Who shared her childhood's pastime, grief, and joy.
A radiant gem that decked her bosom fair
Graced with a dark lock of his raven hair,
He gave, when glistening from her bright eye fell
Tears, gently mouldered by his last farewell ;
Since that lorn time more tears for him were shed,
Then wept as living, and now mourned as dead !

My Father's home was happy—plenty smiled,
And love and peace our fleeting hours beguiled,
Blessed with a Sister, whose congenial heart
Made every day yet deeper joy impart,
My Parent's fond affection, ever new,
My ALICE fair, and not more fair than true ;
And friendship's cordial drop, so sweetly mixed
In fate's bright chalice : had I not then fixed
My heart, my soul, my energies, my life
On joys untouched by envy or by strife,
I had been nought for earth's exciting span,
But something more, or something less than man !

War's tempest raged, and o'er the struggling world
Rude havoc's standard had been long unfurled,
NAPOLEON's spirit roamed the earth—its path
Was marked with desolation, and the wrath
That scatters death !—then BRITAIN rashly drew
The vengeful sword, and in her fury threw
Away the scabbard ! sheathed the blade no more
Till all her sons were stricken or were poor !
Dark with the war came that portentous time,
When furious men ran mad from clime to clime ;
Then burst the dread Volcano of mankind,
Then rushed the scorching lava of the mind,
And far and wide o'er hill and dale it came
Like a wild torrent, a destroying flame,
Till 'mid the tumult and the wild uproar
Reason, the soul's Pompeii, was no more !

Still raged the war:—but what *is* war, that men
Should turn to savage wild-beasts in their den ?
What are its scenes that christian folk delight
To dwell upon ?—what forms a *glorious* fight ?
The roar of cannon, clash of steel, deep groans,
Fire, smoke, sulphureous smells, and shattered bones,

Horses and riders madly mixed, and fell
Threatenings, and shrieks, and curses, such as hell
Has never heard, while mangled limbs around,
And bleeding corpses on the crimsoned ground
Lie in the ghastliness of death—and, hark !
A dire explosion from the fort !—now dark
Glooms the corrupted air, torn bodies fly
Up to the clouds, and piece by piece from high
They blackened fall !—then comes a sudden shout
That shakes the earth, the signal of the rout ;
Then swells the cry of “ *Victory!* ” “ The day
Is nobly won ! ”—then dies the sound away,
And nought is heard but wailing for the slain,
And nought is seen but death upon the plain :
This is the aim the martial mind employs ;
How sweet is WAR—Oh ! how divine its joys !

With arms and tumult rose a sudden change
O'er BRITAIN'S realm, most ominous and strange ;
The world now shook as by an earthquake riven,
From scythe and plough the happy Peasant driven,
Forced to the train-bands, he was taught to hold
His head erect, look formidably bold,

Square his huge toes, and with a musket stand
Stiff as a Mummy in Egyptian land,
To march, retreat, advance, to halt, to wheel,
Turn, like a pivot, on his clumsy heel,
To hate all foes, and boldly swear to slay
The French, poor souls, at thirteen-pence a-day!

Had this been all it had been well—but here
The Peasant's heart, once guileless and sincere
Became corrupted, and a moral blight
Fell on the soul—the Red-Coat's new delight
Was now to strut and swagger through the street,
Leer at each smiling Nymph he chanced to meet,
Ape his superiors, though he strove in vain
To reach, like them, the fashionable stain ;
He could not bluster with so bold a face,
Nor swear with half their *gentlemanly* grace,
Yet humbly followed in their odious wake,
If not a graceful, yet a *perfect* rake !

With war oppressive taxes, loans, and debt
Arose—we feel their *happy* influence yet !—

Though *Commerce* languished, *Ceres* in her mirth
Laughed at the treasures of the golden earth !
The rich grew richer, while the poor were fed
With precious morsels—dear was barley bread !
The Farmer's Wife threw by her woollen gown,
Rustled in silk, and slept on eider down,
Held it un-orthodox to knit or spin,
To dine at twelve was deemed a vulgar sin ;
At home, she changed her manners and her ways,
Abroad, the taxed cart for the one-horse chaise ;
Jaunted to fairs, at every race was seen,
Danced at the ball, of showy dames the queen,
And, lest her husband might retire too soon,
Exclaimed, " My dear, I love the midnight moon !"
Although her sires by early care had thriven,
And rose at five, yet she must doze till seven,
And then, all languid, half alive, half dead,
Sip a strong cup of *Mocha* in her bed !
Her sons and daughters sent to board at school
Were taught that every rustic was a fool ;
That life's most sweet, and most attractive flowers
Could only bloom in academic bowers.

Their school-days o'er, the girls would sit and paint,
And, if their Mother scolded, scream and faint;
Or, at the Grand Piano softly sigh,
Run mad in *Prestos*, in *Adagios* die!
While thus they sentimentalized, like doves,
The boys were ploughing in their white kid gloves!⁴
And seemed to move, as they the furrows wrought,
To some new step the dancing-master taught:
With labour thus a borrowed grace to blend,
Nature must lose her aim, and Art her end!

Think not I censure aught that forms the mind,
Improves its power, and gives it taste refined;
Think not I strike at science, or at art,
That wins, expands, and elevates the heart:
I only blame false affectation's sway,
That throws a mask o'er all we do, and say;
I would not see the ruddy Milk-maid skim
Her milk in gown of fashionable trim—
I would not view the Cow-boy in silk hose,
The Ploughman slouch in India-Rubber shoes—
Nor hear the Priest harangue at mart or fair,
Nor see a Peer a Merry-Andrew there—

Nor have the Poet, whose unfettered soul
Should rise above a heartless world's controul,
I would not have him pander to the base
And grovelling passions of the sordid race,
Nor tune his lyre to flatter, or to please
The slaves, whose spirits are enthralled by these !

Whate'er in life the varied mind employs,
Its active duties, or its calmer joys,
Amusement, business, study, and the hours
That claim our toil, or urge our higher powers,
Time, place, and circumstance in all should find
A true direction for the ready mind ;
Our aim should be most nobly to excel,
To do whate'er is best, and do it well !

END OF PART FIRST.

THE
EMIGRANT'S TALE.

PART SECOND.

THE
EMIGRANT'S TALE.

PART SECOND.

THE demon-hand which had so madly hurled
Discord, and ire, and frenzy o'er the world,
Was stayed—a change o'er Britain's realm had come,
The clanging trumpet and the warlike drum
Were heard no more—one universal voice
Swelled o'er the echoing land, “ Rejoice ! rejoice !
Rejoice ! deep fallen are the mighty—gone
Thy power, thy conquering sword, NAPOLEON ! ”

The land rang merrily with joy, no spot
It showed where that and revelry were not ;
No crowded street, nor road, nor village-green,
But there some high triumphal arch was seen
Festooned with flowers—then earth, and air, and sky
Were full of music, and the melody
Seemed one loud Pæan, that would never cease
To echo glory, and proclaim the PEACE !
Then mirth was rife in cottage and in hall,
One thought prevailed—A NATION'S FESTIVAL :
The old, the young, the wealthy, and the poor
Together feasted from the common store ;
The Peasant's heart poured forth its song, or tale,
His spirit floated in a sea of ale,
Till its sweet tide had borne him from the strand
Where care's dark rocks in wild disorder stand !
Thus closed in jollity the festive day,
And, ere the sun withdrew his smiling ray,
Man, woman, child, were hurrying to the place
Where strove the rustic jockeys in the chase,
Or men, in merry bondage, jumped in sacks,
Their shoes had paid, and now their feet, a tax !

While some, blind-folded, slow and cautious, wheeled
Their barrows stately o'er the measured field,
And some poor wight, as on he bending stole,
Fell, blundering headlong in the sedgy pool,
Then, as he rose, and shook his dripping ears,
And grinned and tittered with his blind compeers,
Burst the loud laugh, and louder shout from all :
Strange ! how man laughs to see his neighbour fall !
Now blazed enormous piles, and fireworks rare
Hissed, snapped, and cracked, and sputtered through the air,
While famed NAPOLEON was exalted high,
Hung like a common thief ! his effigy
Flamed o'er the kingdom, while his ashes flew
O'er the parched sward, its verdure to renew !
And all men vouched that plenty would prevail,
And wealth for ever ! that the plough, the sail,
The arts, the sciences would flourish still,
That each unfertile tract, and barren hill
Would laugh with gladness, since our foe had fled,
And left the battle, and his thousands dead—
Since the red field of WATERLOO was won
By BRITAIN'S arm, by mighty WELLINGTON !

Short was the rapture!—though the Tyrant fell,
The springs that fed the state's exhausting well
Shrunk, and our Country of her gold bereft
Had still her debt, and *Newland's* paper left!
And France, the *beaten* France, despised, and poor,
Which, we were told, could never flourish more,
That land in which, 'twas said, gaunt famine's tooth
Had slain its millions—that same land, forsooth,
Poured from her garners such a store of grain,
That her tall ships upon the crowded main
Stood like a forest!—need I tell the rest,
How soon our land, our Peasants were oppressed?
How soon the Farmer felt the sudden dearth
Of means for toil, that pauperized the earth?
How debts and duns with other ills were borne,
High rent, high rates, high taxes, and *low* corn!

But to my Tale.—Our home was near the sea,
Source both of wonder, and of joy to me,
I loved to gaze upon its peaceful breast,
When its strong spirit slumbered in its rest;
And when the storm swept o'er the uplifted plain,
And all the waves of Ocean's vast domain

Were lashed to fury, lonely would I stroll
Along the shore, to mark the billows roll,
To list the gushing of the mighty wind,
Awed by the power of the eternal MIND ;
I felt my nothingness, yet owned a joy
That raised my spirit from the earth's alloy,
And charmed, and purified, and lifted high
My soul to HIM whose glories never die !

Nature ! my heart feels all entranced before thee,
For God has thrown a robe of beauty o'er thee !
Thy varied scenes, the pleasing and the grand,
The swelling Ocean, and the lovely land,
The woods and hills, the vales and winding streams,
All glad, and glowing in the summer-beams,
How have they soothed my soul ! My ardent prayer
Hath been, and will be, that thy scenes so fair
May never cease to charm me, 'mid the strife,
The fears, and cares, the busy toils of life :
Ne'er may the world, nor love of worldly gain,
Pleasure's pursuit, that often ends in pain,
Misfortune's sting, the leaden hand of age,
The weary way of life's dim pilgrimage,

Oh ! may these never wean my heart from thee,
Enchanting Nature ! may mine eye still see
Thy beauties with delight ! may thy controul
Enkindle good, and rapture in my soul ;
A rapture—all ignoble things above !
A good—from God's eternal fount of love !

One morn a tempest raged upon the deep,
I sought the beach, and, 'neath a craggy steep,
Which the wild waves had lashed amid the storm,
Beheld a bleeding and exhausted form
Lie pale and breathless, while around were spread
Fragments of wreck :—I raised the sufferer's head,
Saw with delight that life remained, and now
The blood once more rose mantling o'er his brow,
His eyes unclosed, and gazed upon my face,
Then closed again, as though stern death would chase
The soul from earth's frail temple.—Soon with care
I raised his form, his long disordered hair,
Hung clustering o'er his shoulders, and his eye
Was darkly bright, his ample brow was high,
And, as he thanked me, the now grateful youth
Spoke with a voice an earnest of its truth,

“Stranger! I owe thee life! the hapless bark
Long tried, and trusted as a chosen ark
To bear me safely to my native shore,
My Ararat of life! that bark no more
Will stem the troubled sea!—Full many a year
In distant lands a varied, strange career
Has been my own—and now I seek again
My home, my kindred, if they yet remain.”
Rejoiced to hear him cheerly speak, and tell
His heart’s full gratitude, his accents fell
On my charmed ear, like music that can give
Joy a new impulse, bid it thrill, and live
A guest long cherished in the soul.—Oh! joy,
Which nought in life can banish or destroy,
Joy beyond all extatic and sublime!
Now, in this distant hour, the flight of time
Dulls not the dear delight I felt, to save
A kindred being from a timeless grave.

I led him to our home—my Father’s heart
Welcomed him there, most anxious to impart
Balm to his soul; and, when the fever came,
That soon assailed him, like a wasting flame,

My Sister watched beside him, while I shared
Her gentle task, and hoped, and oft despaired,
Till time restored his languid form, and health,
That gem, more precious than whole mines of wealth,
Blessed him once more : and CECIL dwelt awhile
An inmate of our home : how free from guile
Was his ingenuous soul ! how warm and bright
Shone all his energies of thought ! delight
Thrilled in my breast, as oft I heard him tell
Of all his eye had seen ; a gladsome spell
Dwelt in his sweet discourse—his virtues soon
Disclosed his noble heart, and charmed mine own.
My Father's, Mother's tenderness so won
His soul, he loved them even as a son :
Our weal, our woe, our hope, our every care
In toil or pleasure CECIL's mind would share :
With me he sought the fields, with me would till
The genial soil, and oft o'er dale and hill
And 'mid the clustering woods would cheerful stray,
And hold sweet converse by the devious way.
His mind so gentle, yet so strong—his soul
All fire, yet checked by reason's best controul,

His form was manly, his expressive look
A faultless title to the heart's fair book ;
Yes! he was one whom but to see and know,
Diffused a freshness o'er life's vale below,
Giving its green and sunny spots a hue
More bright, more lovely, and more lasting too !

And MARY, gentle MARY ! in her heart
Grief's canker grew.—I need not here impart
Her blighted hope : her unsought love repressed,
The smothered flame within her struggling breast,
Fed on the flower of life—her bloom was lost,
Changed like a rose-bud early touched by frost ;
A listless languor o'er her features stole,
Though brighter beamed the radiance of her soul !
Fair Woman's love, too sacred to be told,
Her heart alone its shepherd and its fold,
How does she guard its power ! how wakeful keep
Cold reason's energies, lest pride should sleep !
How does she slight its *object*, and obey
Each dictate meant to drive its spell away—
And, if her eye meet his for whom its light
Sheds its most tender beam, if not most bright,

Then, if in secret glows her burning cheek,
And though for joy she dares not, cannot speak,
Though her heart throbs, though trembles every limb,
He ne'er could dream that this was all for him !

I marked the change, and I alone, her tongue
Breathed not to mortal ear the pangs that wrung
Her heart—they rankled in its core unknown,
A secret, silent sorrow, all its own !
And I had fondly hoped, yet hoped in vain,
That CECIL's breast had worn no tender chain
Of early love ; for, with a brother's pride,
I deemed that all the boundless world beside
Held not a form more beautiful, a mind
More nobly generous, nor a heart more kind
Than my poor MARY's !—and, e'en then, though pale
As is the drooping lily of the vale,
There dwelt a charm, a light within her smile,
That seemed undying, and her eye the while
So brightly beamed, as though its ray, more clear,
Could view the beauty of a purer sphere,
While softly radiant on her marble brow
Shone grace angelic :—Oh ! where shines it now !

How happy oft beneath my favourite elm,
When the sun vanished to his western realm,
When blushed the sky as his departing beam
Lingered awhile o'er smiling vale and stream,
Life seemed all joy, with ALICE by my side,
Who made the spot with Eden's own allied,
And gladdening CECIL, ever welcome there,
While oft the converse of the hour to share
The widowed Mother of my ALICE sought,
Our hearts commingling in one tide of thought;
And, when she gazed upon the stranger, tears
Would sometimes start, remembrance of past years
And of her perished Son arose, to dim
Life's day, less radiant since not shared by him.
I watched her eye oft fixed on CECIL's face,
As though it strove instinctive there to trace
Some slight resemblance to her vanished boy,
Till fled the fond delusion, and its joy.
CECIL so kindly won upon her mind,
That, as the warmth and light of heaven combined
Cheers the sad flower that drooped its fragrant leaf,
His presence soothed, nay, almost chased her grief,

His glad discourse, that like soft music flowed,
His cheerful heart, his manly worth, bestowed
A genial freshness to her soul, beguiled
Thus from the grief for her departed child.

Time hastened on—and yet, though gentle *Peace*
Awhile had reigned, our troubles did not cease ;
'Though o'er the land her olive branch had spread,
Though from her smile *War's* fearful demon fled,
Yet her fair Sister, *Plenty*, strange to say,
Had thrown her emblematic horn away !
And honest *Labour*, whose strong sons had been
The happiest of the happy, now was seen
A fettered out-cast, while the Peasants stood
With folded arms, demanding work and food.
In vain they asked, in vain might idly stand,
The Farmer drove them from his untilled land,
The Parish turned them on the public way
In herds that cursed their Masters and their pay,
Or made them dig, on some severe pretext,
A pit one day, to fill it up the next !—
Then fell the shame upon their aching hearts,
Then reigned the vice that idleness imparts,

Then fled the independence which of old
Their Fathers cherished more than fame or gold,
When their worst evil, and their deepest grief
Was deemed—to ask the Parish for relief!
Oh! my heart sickens, when I muse on all
The depth, the degradation of their fall!

I knew a Cottage whose neat walls were seen
A changeless white, its garden ever clean—
I knew the happy Peasant whose sweet lot
Was cast serenely in that humble spot—
There bloomed the flower, there grew the herb, and there
The wholesome root that formed his daily fare:—
I marked its aspect when some years had fled,
The walls were green with slime, the flowers were dead,
The Peasant lived, or rather breathed, in pain,
With a sad heart that scarce could hope again,
And, as he told me of the ills that bore
His spirit down, and made him worse than poor,
Of “Want of labour”—“Unrequited time,”
The “Parish-dole”—“Starved children, whose fair prime
Was blighted, blasted?” As he told me this,
Tears filled his eyes at oft-remembered bliss,

His hands were stretched to heaven in lorn despair,
"The poor Man's FRIEND," he cried, "dwells only there!"
Land of my Fathers! may a brighter day
Dawn on thy fate! from thy fair shores away,
Far in the west, yet are thy scenes most dear,
They haunt my slumbers, and my day-dreams here,
And still my heart, while life and thought are mine,
Will fondly beat, sweet land, for thee and thine!

Blest were the Man who in his wisdom soon
Could give thee, BRITAIN! one momentous boon,
Whose mind, benevolent as strong, could plan
A mighty scheme to aid his fellow-man,
Whose power could conquer what the good deplore,
The shuddering misery of thy famished poor!
'Twere hapless now to sorrow o'er the past,
The gloomy shadows which its flight has cast
Shall fade before the slow approaching light,
As breaks the future on our gladdened sight,
When from the destiny of dark mankind
Shall drop the pall that shrouds the moral mind,
When men may see the rising of that beam
Whose lustre, gathering o'er Time's onward stream,

Will show a smoother current, and the sails
Of Commerce filled with rich and prosperous gales,
While hills and valleys all around will smile,
And Peer and Peasant, in the sea-bound Isle,
Will hear the songs of gladness as they rise
In grateful concert to the cloudless skies !

Alas ! my Father, who had ne'er before
Scarce thought of poverty, so blest his store,
Beheld ere long his patrimony waste,
His losses gather with a fearful haste,
And, though with care and unremitting toil
He tilled the bosom of the willing soil,
Though the ripe harvest bounteous grain might yield,
There rose no blessing from the cultured field.
While heavy tax, and tithe, and rate, and rent,
Left little profit, and still less content !
And worse than all, a Man on whom his heart
Was fixed in friendship as its counterpart,
One whom he trusted as a brother, one
Who to his welfare seemed as doth the sun
To the cheered earth, that moves around the orb
To gather strength and freshness, to absorb

Life, warmth, and gladness from his beams, that give
The power which bids its treasures spring and live.
This false injurious friend, this light and base
Coin of humanity, its deep disgrace,
Betrayed his trust, and with the timely store
My Father lent him, when the man was poor,
He fled, and bore our little wealth away,
Yet cursed his treachery on his dying-day !

Friendship ! how oft thy pure, thy hallowed name,
Is breathed by lips that only cause thee shame !
Oft at thy shrine the hypocrite will kneel,
And pledge the offering, though he cannot feel
The joy it heralds to a heart above
Deceit and envy, malice and self-love !
The Man who thus can prostitute his mind,
The weakest, meanest, basest of his kind,
Oh ! let him pass, as on Time's chariot roll,
Chained to its wheels, the bruised, the crushed in soul !

Misfortune lowered around my home—a host
Of ills assailed us—like a vessel lost

Amid the pathless sea, while round her roar
The waves that drive her to the fatal shore,
My Father struggled, but the tempest raged
Strong, and more strong, nor was its strife assuaged,
Nor lulled life's Ocean, nor delayed the shock,
Till the lorn bark was dashed upon the rock !

Poor MARY ! only Sister of my heart !
Wounded by grief, she shrunk not from its dart;
She bore her lingering sorrows as the brave
Sustain the doom that sweeps them to the grave,
And still had charmed our home, though scathed by care,
Unblest herself, yet blessing others there,
As *Sappho*, blighted, withered by love's fire,
Yet warmed the world to rapture with her lyre.
But now a shock more rude her heart assailed,
'Neath which the hope that long sustained it failed ;
Yes ! BARNARD saw her with admiring eyes,
Longed to possess so sweet, so fair a prize,
Offered his hand—a *heart* perchance ne'er beat
Within his bosom, tainted by deceit—
Need I declare that MARY's guileless breast,
Could hold no worthless being for its guest ?

The suit rejected, proffered hand declined,
Awoke deep hate in BARNARD'S groveling mind :
He knew my Father's trials, and his pride
Wounded, yet roused, with meaner vice allied
On this presumed—and, Oh ! too well he knew
The dagger's point was deadly which he drew !
And not my Father felt alone his hate,
He strove to throw dark shadows o'er my fate ;
He soon, implacable in spite, became
Our open foe, his hatred's spreading flame
So fiercely raged, that now his deeds, his words
Were leagued against us like destroying swords :
And then he stooped to worthless, baser arts,
To drive us in disgrace from good men's hearts.
A bearer of dark tales, a whisperer mean
Of lies, that scathed us, though from lips unseen,
And, as the Steward of my Lord's domain,
He held the power, the will to work us pain.
To *me* his hate was deadliest—from his tongue
Came a vile slander that my bosom wrung,
He spoke of ALICE—at the heartless tale
My changing cheek with stifled rage grew pale,

Oh ! I could bear all other ills but this,
Meant both to mock and mar my promised bliss !
Dwell not, my soul ! upon the painful strife,
The hour in which the fountain of my life
Was troubled—poisoned ! Time, relentless, brought
More days of sorrow, more afflictive thought ;
But not to BARNARD, nor to time I owe
The deepest grief, the most destructive blow ;
No ! a blind fury, and a blinder pride,
That chose not reason for its better guide,
Impetuous passions, feelings deep and strong,
Bore me tumultuous with their storm along—
That hour is passed—Oh ! let me not repine,
Though to drink grief's most bitter cup was mine !

CECIL was still my friend—at least I deemed
Him all a heart could wish, as most esteemed—
He now, methought, appeared most happy where
Sweet ALICE dwelt—oft would the youth repair
To her neat cottage—with her Mother talk,
Or join my ALICE in her rustic walk—
One eve, from ALICE when awhile detained,
I sought her home, and, ere my steps had gained

Our favourite tree, I marked the youthful pair
Seated beneath, in earnest converse there
I gently reached the spot, with silent tread
Unseen to startle them, by frolic led—
I thought to laugh at ALICE, when her breast
Would heave disordered at my simple jest—
But as I nearer to the speakers drew,
Their brief discourse so warm, so earnest grew,
Their rising accents fell upon mine ear—
I paused—ashamed to listen, or to hear—
“ALICE !” cried CECIL—“hide the truth awhile
From THORNTON’S mind—he will suspect no guile
From this delay—so, *promise by the love*
I know thou bear’st me !”—As the timid dove
Shrinks from the serpent’s quick and startling hiss
I shrunk appalled to hear a sound like this !
It struck me to the soul—a poisoned dart
Seemed in a moment to consume my heart,
Till rage came kindling in my breast, like flame,
When ALICE turned—as music’s power could tame
The wild beast of the field from *Orpheus’* lyre,
So the soft voice of ALICE stayed the fire

That burned within me, while with accents sweet,
She led me trembling to the rustic seat.

I felt cold fear creep through my blood—and still
A desolation in my soul—my will
Was captive to my passions, though I knew
My ALICE *must* be ever good and true.
She marked the change, and with a winning smile
Sweetly angelic, that might e'en beguile
The sense of torture, now exclaimed, "Thy cheek
Is pale, dear THORNTON ! look not thus—Oh ! speak !
Say, what afflicts thee ? is there, THORNTON, aught
That ALICE can, in deed, or word, or thought
Do, say, or wish, that haply may impart
Joy, pleasure, comfort to thy drooping heart ?"

I sat reprov'd—looked down in silence—now
The blood rushed quickly to my reddening brow,
Abashed, I cursed the meanness that could bring
The scorpion, base suspicion, with its sting.
What ! doubt thee, ALICE ! doubt thy perfect truth,
Pledged in the guileless innocence of youth ?

Doubt one whose soul was spotless as the rose,
That yields more fragrance as its blossom grows
Mature and beautiful ! enough to tell
I breathed a wretch beneath so dark a spell !
Awhile I sat, as mute as frigid death,
Then spoke, and sighed, and jested in a breath,
Till, roused by CECIL's wit, I felt the thrill
Of pride—and blushed in worse confusion still !

Not long this cloud o'er shadowed me—the eye
Of ALICE, beaming with soft love, the sigh
That oft escaped her bosom, as she caught
A kindred sadness from my mournful thought,
And when we parted, her last “farewell” hung
So sweetly tender on her trembling tongue,
And the soft pressure of her hand on mine
(How thrills the heart at this expressive sign !)
Charmed me at once, and made me blush the more
That I could doubt the seraph, and adore !

I sought my home, but scarce had passed the wood,
Beside whose skirt the rustic cottage stood

Ere thoughts were rankling in my troubled breast,
That wrought me agony, denied me rest.
I strove against their influence—strove in vain
My wonted energy of soul to gain :
I paused—I gazed on heaven's ethereal blue,
To calm my spirit—as the light clouds flew
Past the oft-changing moon, that never shows
One aspect for a week, but wandering goes
From star to star, from orb to orb above,
Fair, and yet false !—I thought of Woman's love !
Still was I soothed—the sky serene and bright,
The rolling orbs, so vast, so infinite,
Millions of worlds removed from earth's dull leaven,
Allured my soul awhile from that to heaven,
To HIM, with whom, though hidden from our view,
Dwells all that was, or is, or can be true !

I sought my home, and, as the porch I gained,
I heard within reproachful words that pained
My swelling bosom. Yes ! from BARNARD'S voice
No welcome tones e'er made my heart rejoice—
In haste I entered, as the STEWARD cried,
“ We wait no longer, THORNTON !” and in pride

He frowned upon my Father while he spoke,
As Tyrants will, who can impose the yoke,
“ I warn thee now—I will no more demand,
The Landlord’s claim from thy dishonest hand ;
To-morrow’s sun, if still thy promise fail,
Shall gild a loftier home of thine—a jail !”
Oh ! how the blood burned in my veins, to hear
The vulgar boaster ! like a tiger near
His prey, I sprang, and sudden siezed, and threw
Him headlong from our door—too well I knew
His dastard spirit would accomplish all
His threats, his schemes to work my Father’s fall :
And then I wept, while gentle MARY knelt
In wretchedness before me—ah ! there dwelt
Despair’s dark image in her once bright eye,
Now glazed with fear, and swoln with agony.
Pale was her cheek and broken was her speech,
“ What hast thou done, my Brother ! I beseech
Thee now, by all so fondly prized and dear,
That blessed thy home, and still may bless thee here,
Quick ! follow BARNARD ! and confess the wrong
Thy hand hath wrought him—to his soul belong

Passions when roused, that like the whirlwind's rage,
'Twere hard to shun, and harder to assuage.
Go ! say my heart relents—that now I yield
To wed him on the morrow—if I shield
My Parents from the storm, and thee, dear Brother,
That will be joy ! and can I need another ?”

I spoke not—looked not on her face—withdrew
My hand from hers, but only to renew
Her prayers, persuasions, tears—I turned away
And sought my chamber, striving to allay
The rankling care that preyed upon my breast,
I gained my pillow, but I gained not rest !
Oh ! the dark visions of that fearful night
Were full of pain, and horror, and affright ;
Then, above all, the form of ALICE smiled
Angelic o'er me—and my dreams, more wild,
Racked my tormented soul, and in mine ear
Methought I heard, and almost now can hear,
The voice of CECIL—“ *Promise by the love
I know thou bear'st me !*” This was pain above
The spell of slumber—I awoke, to find
More morbid poison for my restless mind !

The morn awoke with ruddy cheek and smile
That shed its radiant glory o'er the Isle,
The sun uprose, and over land and sea
Shed joy on all things, even joy on me,
For now the terrors of the night were o'er,
And dreams disturbed my troubled soul no more,
Though howling waves beat wild upon my home,
And rocks around me frowned amid their foam,
Though the wide gulph of poverty seemed near,
And all beyond it cheerless, hopeless, drear,
Though my life's sun seemed blotted out by time,
My soul had light—it had not stooped to crime !

And hearts yet beat that loved me fondly still,
Parents, that change not, nor in good, nor ill ;
MARY, my Sister, gentle as the sigh
Of summer's zephyr, as it floateth by
The fragrant flowers, so softly gliding on
Saluting all, and yet despoiling none !
And CECIL, he, my chosen friend, remained,
Though rankling passions had my bosom pained,
And oh ! one star still blest me with its beams,
ALICE was mine—despite of doubts and dreams !

I sought my Friend—he once, when drooping care
Sat on my brow, a herald of despair,
CECIL remarked my pensive mood, and strove
With all the kindness of a Brother's love
To seek its cause, and from my bosom drew
With friendship's magnet, delicate, as true,
The secret of the ills that timeless came
To blight my Father's credit and his name :
He listened, sympathised, and anxious, tried
With words too kind to wound or 'wake my pride,
To press upon me with a zeal that told
His generous heart, an offer of his gold.
I knew him wealthy, but with thanks declined
The proffered aid—hope had not left my mind—
But *now* that all around me was so dark,
The world one boundless flood without an ark,
Now that my Father might untimely sink,
Whelmed by the deluge, should I proudly shrink
From that which here might well a duty seem,
His fear to banish—honour to redeem?
Convinced that CECIL would my cause sustain,
And, that to ask his favour was to gain ;

Then, when our Landlord's urgent claim was o'er,
And BARNARD'S hate could mar our peace no more,
I deemed a smaller farm, with cheerful toil,
A guileless conscience, and a grateful soil,
Would yield the welcome treasure to repay
My generous friend—though distant were the day.

I rose to seek him—paused a moment—thought,
Quick as the sharp and noiseless lightning, brought
To my excited mind the words he breathed
To ALICE—words that like a snake seemed wreathed
Around my brain ! and could I doubt e'en now ?
Deep shame rose flushing o'er my face and brow,
Fool ! thus to doubt when her sweet lips had told
That Woman's love despised the lure of gold,
Its essence pure, its purity divine,
That hers in sorrow and in joy was mine !

Prepared to seek my Friend, I reached the spot
Where, near our garden, stood a rustic grot,
By MARY'S hands adorned in happier hours,
Within with pearly shells, without with flowers ;

I gazed along the upland—marked in wrath
Three men with BARNARD winding up the path,
I quick retraced my steps, by fears impelled,
And snatched my pistol from its case—beheld
The legal harpies, who rapacious came,
Nor needed ought to urge them on their game,
Yet BARNARD frowned not proudly on me there ;
Oh ! had he added insult, in despair
And rage, my hand impetuous might have wrought
A deed at which I shudder e'en in thought !
I saw my Father torn from home, I heard
My Mother weep, my Sister's pleading word,
As trembling, pale, she spoke her dire alarms,
And fainting sank into her Mother's arms,
While our grieved household crowded round in tears !
That moment fades not with my fading years !

I bore the sight no longer, but repaired
In haste to CECIL—still my bosom shared
A part of hope's delightful, treacherous spell,
“ Bear up ! ” I cried, “ and all will yet be well ! ”
CECIL had left his home—I quick pursued
My way to that dear spot, by mind imbued

With more than loveliness, since ALICE threw
A charm around it ever fair and new !
Rapid I moved, and on my favourite seat
Beneath the elm where bloomed the wild-flowers sweet,
Beheld again my ALICE by the side
Of CECIL, smiling like a happy bride,
And listening, as he read with mellow voice,
Like music sweet, some volume of her choice,
And, as he traced from fervent thought to thought
The tale that genius wove, he gently caught
Her snow-like hand in his, now careless thrown
Around his neck—the hand I deemed mine *own* !
I stood like one by lightning blasted there :
Deep was my rage, my agony, despair,
When CECIL rose, and slow yet gaily cried,
“ Farewell, dear ALICE !” then he quick applied
His lips uncensured to her changeless cheek !
I dared not move, I had not power to speak,
Till CECIL met me as he turned, and smiled !
My heart swelled high, my burning brain was wild,
Enraged I siezed him with intent to hurl
Him prostrate in the dust—the shock, the whirl,

The sudden struggle, and the furious dash
Jarred on my arm, a sharp and deadly flash
Burst in a moment, and the whizzing ball,
Pierced CECIL's bosom—I beheld him fall!
Hot blood came bubbling from the wound—I stood
In gloomy terror, by the sight subdued,
Gazed overpowered, in speechless horror gasped,
My trembling hand the fatal pistol grasped,
Which, in my haste forgotten, I still held,
My soul so much by passion's storm impelled!

Now ALICE sprang—in wild distraction threw
Her white arms round his bleeding form—the hue
Of death was on her cheek, and Oh! her grief
To *me* was madness! sealing my belief!
She kissed his pallid cheek, aye, o'er and o'er!
And every kiss but frenzied me the more!
Oh! my blood curdled in my veins to see
Love's tears thus shed, that were not shed for me!
At length a shriek burst from her lips, and then
Words that consigned me wretched among men,
“ Oh! my dear Brother! CECIL! CECIL! speak!
O, God! he breathes not!” now a louder shriek

Thrilled through my soul, as wild her Mother rushed
Past me in agony—her tears out-gushed,
While with clasped hands she fearful cried like one
Whose hope was blasted—“ Oh ! my Son ! my Son ! ”

The mournful truth upon my spirit flashed—
A giddy frenzy siezed my brain—I dashed
The fatal weapon to the earth, and fled ;
Ah ! where could THORNTON hide his guilty head !
I rushed impetuous—whither could I flee,
Pursued by horror, stung by agony ?
The hill, the vale, the glade, the gliding stream,
The faded world seemed like a fleeting dream
Dimly remembered—'mid the lonely wood
I madly plunged—the dreary solitude
Was more than death, and now the face of man
I feared and hated, for the withering ban
Of slaughter pressed upon my soul, and worse
Than this, I lived, and must endure the curse !
In one dire moment of rash passion's strife,
I ruined all that formed the charm of life !
My Father—Mother—Sister—and above
E'en these dear ties, my own, my only love,

All, all were whelmed in desolation's flood !
And I was doomed to bear the stain of blood !

Here THORNTON paused, and drooped his head, while tears
Sprang from his eyes. The fountain of past years
Afresh is opened, and its waters start
Like those of *Marah*,⁵ bitter to the heart !
MAURICE, his friend, who listened to the tale,
Beheld the strife, and marked his cheek turn pale,
And sat in pensive silence, sharing all
The sudden grief that held his soul in thrall,
Till THORNTON'S mind with energy subdued
The passion's power, and thus his tale renewed.

'Tis past ! 'tis past ! the rest I need not tell
My Friend ! thou know'st what more to me befel :
Thou know'st that gentle MARY died ! her grave
Is green, since THORNTON crossed the western wave—

My Parents too ! I would not shed one tear
For them, so happy now, on earth so dear !
Thou know'st my struggles and my cares—the years
I passed, self-exiled, and the bitter tears
I vainly shed o'er buried joys, till Time
Renewed the hope first blighted in my prime.
When, by my toil, I saw around me spread
The yellow harvest, and the verdant mead,
When 'neath my axe the groaning forest fell,
And culture decked the upland and the dell,
Thou know'st my ALICE from her native Isle
Came even *here* to bless me with her smile :
And CECIL lived ! and lives ! the ball had sped
With power not fatal, though I mourned him dead !
Strange it may seem he did not tell before
The kindred ties his heart to ALICE bore :
He only sought to give me by delay
New joy, new wonder, on my nuptial day,
And more than this—by generous worth supplied—
A wealthy dow'ry for so fair a bride !
And now, my long-tried Friend, and happy Wife,
A sun to cheer, a star to pilot life,

Shed light and lustre o'er my way, and throw
Joy's brightening tints o'er Time's dim path below !

And thou, dear matchless Land ! though far from thee
For ever parted by the wide, wide sea,
Yet I forget not, peerless Isle, thy shore
Which still I love, though I may view no more !
BRITAIN ! thy children are the free and strong
In soul and form ; to thy bright name belong
Undying glories ! in thy people dwell
The might of mind, the virtues that excel.
Thy arts, thy commerce flourish and extend,
They know no limit, may they know no end !
Yet other springs of boundless good are thine,
Let but thy sons in wisdom work the mine:
Whence drew our Fathers wealth ? whence did their toil
Diffuse the gems of plenty ? From the Soil !
On what firm basis can thy credit stand
Amid the shock of nations ? On the Land !
What spreads in peace unnumbered blessings round,
Supporting life to all that breathe ? The Ground !
What gives in war thy greatness, glory, birth ?
Sustains thy brave and countless hosts ? The Earth !

Yes ! my loved Country ! may thy Peasants still
Toil with delight in valley and on hill,
May yet the tillers of thy land be blest
With wealth for labour, with content in rest ;
May those who govern, and the governed, learn
That Nature's laws are ever kind, not stern,
That, from the Earth, our common Mother, springs
The life-blood of thy People, and thy Kings !
That all which food, and health, and raiment yields
Flows from the riches of the garnished fields,
And, as the dews of heaven impartial fall,
They smile, and bloom, and bear their fruits for all !⁶

Farewell, my native Land ! a last farewell
To thy dear haunts ! Yes ! I am doomed to dwell
Far from the social joys of thee and thine !
Yet THORNTON's spirit would not here repine—
I see around me nature's beauties rise,
The echoing woodlands and the genial skies,
I hear the birds' soft music in the brake,
The sounding waterfall, the murmuring Lake,
Whose ample bosom swelling to the breeze
Mocks the small space of European Seas !

Before me spreads the forest-shade, whose bound
No eye hath seen, no human footstep found ;
And, when the warm effulgence of the year
Glow's o'er the woods, the autumn's tints appear
In hues unnumbered, decking leaf and stem,
Each tree a picture, every leaf a gem,
Ruby, and amethyst, and gold⁷, that shine
Bright in the sun-beams, while the sombre pine
Stands sternly great amid the leafy host,
Unchanged by summer's heat, by winter's frost,
O'er all he towers magnificent, and reigns
Undying Monarch of the wooded plains !
And here, sweet Summer, by her long delay,
Drives Night's dull shadow by her smiles away,
For, when the sun has vanished from our sphere,
No darkness comes to make his absence drear,
The stars crowd o'er the face of Heaven, all bright,
The cloudless moon decks Earth with radiant light,
The fire-fly sparkles in the woods—e'en *there*
Darkness is shamed, and struggles in despair !

I mark the thousands that with hearts and hands,
Seek here the good denied in other lands—
I mark the progress of a manly race,
That scorned the dangers of a change of place,
Who sought these solitudes, nor sought in vain
For peace and plenty in a rich domain,
Where no poor Starveling asks the parish-bread,
No meaner Pauper of the state is fed,
Whose soil, uncumbered with high rate or tax,
Needs little else beside the conquering axe
To fell the forest, and let Heaven's warm beams
Kiss Earth's fair bosom, and she thenceforth teems
With wealth exuberant ! My ardent mind
Oft on the future dwells, and *there* can find
Dreams of a greatness yet to come, when here
A mighty Empire, glorious in its sphere,
And lofty-minded Men, and deeds that give
To life a charm for which 'twere well to live—
These, more than these, enrolled by endless fame
Shall raise to glory the CANADIAN name ;
And Time, as onward rolls his tide, shall bring
The priceless waters from Truth's living spring,

These in a wide continuous stream shall roll,
Refresh and fertilize the human soul,
Which here in brighter ages yet to rise,
Shall yield the fruit that ripens for the skies,
And gladdening knowledge from a boundless store
Shall flow, and spread, till Time shall be no more !

NOTES.

NOTES

TO THE

EMIGRANT'S TALE.

NOTE 1, page 1.

By the lone brink of NIAGARA'S stream.

CONSIDERABLE difference of opinion has prevailed respecting the pronunciation of the word NIAGARA. Mr. M'Gregor, in his "*British America*," says, "The Indian word Niagara, is pronounced Ni-ha-ga'-ra." This equal division of the letters completely refutes the modern pronunciation, Niag'ara.

NOTE 2, page 12.

Would ask, contemptuous—"Has the goose not hatched?"

An expression of the worthy Tutor's somewhat unpoetical, but illustrative of a *fact*, to which the Author was an eye, and an ear witness. He well knew the good Domine's "local habitation," and pays a willing tribute to his "name," having, like others of his idle pupils, left school with many *marks* of his kindness.

NOTE 3, page 23.

*Her form was like that Statue's, which of old
Inflamed the living heart.*

It is, doubtless, unnecessary to remind the reader of the sentimental youth, who is said to have become enamoured of the Medicean Venus, or of Thompson's well-known line,

"So stands the Statue that enchants the world."

NOTE 4, page 31.

The boys were ploughing in their white kid gloves!

An instance of a young Rustic having constantly thus protected his soft and snowy cuticle, while holding the plough, is well known to, often laughed at, and talked of, by those

"Who work upon the arables,
And seldom speak in parables."

NOTE 5, page 67.

Like those of MARAH, bitter to the heart!

"They could not drink of the waters for they were bitter; therefore the name of it was called *Marah*."—*Exodus* xv. 23.

NOTE 6, page 70.

*That all which food, and health, and raiment yields
Flows from the riches of the garnished fields,
And, as the dews of heaven impartial fall,
They smile, and bloom, and bear their fruits for all!*

It is interesting to trace from the writings of the Ancients, the peculiar honours which were formerly paid to Agriculture. Zoroaster, the sage and lawgiver, records his opinion as to the importance of productive industry, from which we learn the extent to which the real principles of civil polity were carried in the earliest ages.

As the support of a country depends upon the culture of its soil, Zoroaster appears to have regarded it as an object of peculiar solicitude, for he never speaks of the cultivator without the designation of "the principle of abundance," or "the source of wealth," or some similar expression, descriptive of the great estimation in which the "tiller of the earth" was held.

To refuse therefore to the labouring Villager, or even to the domestic animal, the just recompence of their labour, was deemed a heavy offence; and the guilty refuser was punished with eight hundred, or a thousand lashes in this life, and as many years of torment in the next.

Agriculture is compared to a man embracing his friend, and a father his children; it was the purest act of the law, and Zoroaster declared, that he who sowed the earth with good grain, and did it with purity, fulfilled the whole extent of the law, and was as great in the sight of *Ormuzd*, as if he had given being to one hundred creatures, one thousand productions, or repeated ten thousand prayers.

See an interesting quotation from Zoroaster in *Taylor's Instructive Magazine*, Part v. page 317.

NOTE 7, page 71.

*Each tree a picture, every leaf a gem,
Ruby, and amethyst, and gold.*

The magnificent splendour of the forests of North America, is peculiar to that division of the Western World.

It is impossible to exaggerate the autumnal beauty of these forests : nothing under heaven can be compared to its effulgent grandeur.

Two or three frosty nights in the decline of autumn, transform the boundless verdure of a whole empire into every possible tint of brilliant scarlet, rich violet, every shade of blue and brown, vivid crimson, and glittering yellow. The stern inexorable fir tribes alone maintain their eternal sombre green ; all others burst into the most glorious vegetable beauty, and exhibit the most splendid and most enchanting panorama on earth.—*M'Gregor's British America*, vol. 1., page 79-80.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

THE NEW POST-OFFICE.

I.

GOOD MORROW, dear Miss "GENERAL," how do you do ?

How does your Mother do, in Lombard street ?

I doubt my dear, that since the birth of you,

The poor old Lady's ruin is complete ;

She's not the only Mother that must rue

To see a daughter's charms with hers compete,

To see the public homage from her taken,

By all neglected, and by most forsaken !

II.

But this, thou juvenile, is nought to thee ;

Thou hast but just begun thy fame's career,
Bright on the rolls of fair posterity

I ween thy deathless glory will appear,
Collected wisdom in thy stores will be,

And scattered thence o'er regions far and near :
Thou know'st no want of that which genius fetters,
Thou stand'st preeminent, the " World of Letters !"

III.

And now I gaze upon thee at a time

When every loyal Cit has ta'en his dinner,
Save a sad few who weave the "lofty rhyme,"

Who rarely dine at all, as I'm a sinner !
They feed on cobwebs in their flights sublime,

While grow their persons and their pockets thinner,
Alack ! how seldom the poor Poet's fate is
To cry, at dinner time, "*Ohe ! jam satis !*"

IV.

And now thy visitors begin to throng

The busy streets—I see a timid Girl
Glancing around, as quick she glides along,

Her bright eye peering through an auburn curl,
While feels her hand the gauzy folds among,

And draws forth slyly from the hills of pearl
A pure white folded sheet without a blot,
Addressed “*To Strephon*”—sealed “*Forget Me Not.*”

V.

I mark, as quickly from the box she steals

Courteous and free, to give place to another,
She throws the speed of Mercury in her heels,

As though she dreads a scolding from her Mother!
And now a more important bustler wheels

Just round the corner—he seems bent to smother
The bunch of letters which he grasps so tight,
Till out he grumbles—“Let them go to night.”

VI.

And they will go—and, on the coming day
Full many a country “Dealer,” in sad tones
Will read—“We take the liberty to say,
In a few days *our* Mr. Jasper Jones
Will wait upon you in the business way ;
Stuffs, Bombazines, fine Norwich Crapes, Galloons
Are *riz*—we hope more favours you will show us”—
Which means “Fork out the money that you owe us !”

VII.

But who comes here ? a scented City Beau ;
There’s something self-complacent in his eyes,
His thumb and finger hold a *billet-doux*,
Signed, sealed, and laden with a freight of sighs,
And vows, and hopes, by the next mail to go
To his sweet Hourie in love’s paradise :
Perchance she’ll open it—perchance return it—
Or, having read it with a deep sigh—burn it!

VIII.

Storehouse of countless minds ! Repository
Of cogitations, numerous as the beams
Of the bright sun in his meridian glory ;
Huge Reservoir ! to which unnumbered streams
Of art and science, sentiment and story,
Commerce, religion, politics, with themes
Of war, and love, are daily, hourly stealing,
To thee—thou pet-lamb of Sir Francis Freeling !

IX.

Prolific source of pleasure and of pain !
How fast and far thy rapid “ mails ” impart
O’er the extended earth, and ample main,
Both joy and sorrow to the human heart !
And sear like drought, or gladden it like rain
That cheers the scathed and drooping plant—thou art
Insatiate too ! thy huge mouths eat and drink
Whole reams of Paper and whole tuns of Ink !

X.

Go on, and flourish ! well my heart can prize
The valued blessings which it owes to thee,
The welcome tidings which thy source supplies
From friends beloved, though distant far they be,
The hope that wakes and warms my sympathies
For those I loved, and love, and long to see,
And seal them to my heart, to cheer and bless—
Farewell ! I owe thee much of happiness !

THE TOWER.

I.

FABRIC of war and peace, of joy and tears !

Thou fortress, dungeon, sepulchre, and palace !

Proudly amid the storms of rolling years

Thou hast defied Time's never-ceasing malice !

On thy dark history's blotted page appears

The mournful record of affliction's chalice,

Drained by the trembling lips of fear and pain,

While horror 'woke that might not sleep again.

II.

Thy walls have echoed to the strife of men ;

Rung with loud cries of anguish from the dying ;

Heard the deep groans of conscience from the den,

Where the convicted, hopeless Traitor, lying,

Dreamed of the grim and crimsoned block, and then

Awoke to dull despair, and shrinking, sighing,

Raised his cold temples from the colder stone,

Hope's light for ever from his bosom gone !

III.

Far other sounds have echoed in thy halls,
When pomp, and pageantry, and dance, and song,
When Knights and Dames shone at thy festivals,
While jocund Minstrels joined the merry throng
That laughed at care, which the dull mind enthralls!
Days of Romance! ye all have vanished long,
With tilt and tournament, crusade and palmer,
Long-bow and buckler, and all kinds of armour!

IV.

Yet thou, old TOWER! hold'st relics of the past,
When men could fight beneath a ton of mail!
Wield giant lances, battle-axes vast,
While glared their long crests like a comet's tail
Across the dun, and wondering heavens cast—
While spears and arrows rattled round like hail!
This is all true—no wild and strange romaunt—
Instance the mail in that of JOHN OF GAUNT!

V.

Thou hold'st one glittering bauble in thy keeping
Which Kings have worn, and felt their regal heads
Fevered beneath its weight, and been, while sleeping,
Racked by dire dreams upon their splendid beds ;
Oh ! happier far the simple poor, when creeping
To their cold straw within their humble sheds :
They with the merry lark will up and sing—
Who ever heard such carols from a King ?

VI.

Crown of old *Albion* ! the regalia's pride !
Immortal Golgotha ! thou cause of strife
In Britain's Isle, and many realms beside—
For thee men wasted treasure, blood, and life !
For thee, vain bauble, brave ones fought, and died !
And others quarreled, just like man and wife ;
Or cat and dog—synonymous with them—
Ill-sorted pair ! ill-fated Diadem !

VII.

Come to the Armoury ! behold the bright

Steel bristling round us—Oh ! it looks quite *killing* :
How deep must be the raw recruit's delight

While he is drilled, that he may soon be drilling
Holes in his foeman's body in the fight !

When that same foe seems not the least unwilling,
For fame's reward, and glory's great requitals,
To let cold steel slip neatly through his vitals !

VIII.

How strange that man's immortal mind should strive,

In its most keen inventive powers delighting,
Engines of death and mischief to contrive

Solely to spare the trouble of much fighting !
The Warrior weeps if one be left alive,

And therefore was it that, his ire requiting,
Cannon, and ball, and sword, and bomb, and shell,
Were all invented by the fiends of hell !

IX.

As it has been, and since it must be so,
I feel, as gazing slowly round me here,
That Britain need not dread her strongest foe,
While arms so many, so renowned appear,
Ready for hands that well can deal the blow,
Should aught invade the homes we hold most dear :
Come ! Frenchman, Dutchman, Spaniard, German, Prussian,
Yankee, and Swiss, and bearded Turk, and Russian,

X.

Come to our Armoury ! and, having seen it,
Sail home dejected on your foreign keels :
Go ! and defy us not, for, if you mean it,
You'll find the British Bull-dog at your heels,
And feel his teeth ere ye can cry out "*Venit !*"
Oh ! stay at home, and eat in peace your meals !
Invade our shores, and there can be no question,
That we shall spoil your dinner and digestion !

XI.

I leave the TOWER—the sun is gone to rest,
The moon is rising o'er the misty deep;
Good night, “Tower-Hill!” The world may deem it best
For brain-sick Poets to be fast asleep!
May that world read my “SKETCHES” with a zest,
From which one might a joyful harvest reap:
Oh! could they catch the Public—catch their gold—
Catch fame—I'll go, or I shall catch a cold.

THE THAMES.

I.

OLD THAMES ! thou babbler ! noisy tyrant ! proud

Thou art, and mighty in thy devious course !

Methinks thou need'st not be so rudely loud—

Look to the tiny dribbling of thy source !

But thou art like the wild and noisy crowd,

Vain and tumultuous—rushing on with force,

Regardless of the mud from which, forlorn,

A puny thing thy *Rivership* was born !

II.

Not that we deem a humble birth a crime—

Blest are the poor, the humble, and the meek—

But thou go'st wallowing on, o'er weed and slime,

Swelling, all pompous, arrogant, and weak,

Thou only roar'st a short and fitful time :

What doth thy long, yet futile history speak ?

Thy waters still to flow—those flowed before,

Have been, or will be, swallowed at the Nore !

III.

And after all thy tumult and thy strife,

What are thy waters to the boundless sea ?

A viewless drop ! Can Neptune and his Wife

Extend their empire by the help of *thee*,

Thou slight humidity ? Upon my life,

Thou scarce would'st fill the kettle for their tea,

When to a pic-nic party they invite

Their green-eyed sea-nymphs on a gala night.

IV.

Yet let the Muse no more condemn thy waters,

On whose rich banks in days of old were seen

Struggles for empire, and the strife of slaughters,

That dyed with tyrant's blood thy valleys green !

And there have dwelt, and dwell, thy peerless daughters

Of grace and beauty—while thou flow'st the Queen
Of Albion's Rivers—by the glorious City,

Which holds the fair, the rich, the gay, the witty.

V.

Yes! thou art London's boast! sufficient praise
To give a wild and rambling stream like thee—
That huge metropolis! her vitals raise
A race of heroes, bold of heart and free;
What wondrous men are in her crowded ways,
Rare imps of science and philosophy!
There are heads too, which never dare aspire,
With all their brains, *to set the Thames on fire.*

VI.

Flow on, fair stream! and, as thy waters speed
To Ocean's bosom, nor return again,
In this we may a timely lesson read,
And think how swiftly to that troublous main,
Where our frail bark will a true pilot need,
Time bears us on, through pleasure and through pain;
And as the waves pass rapidly away,
We pass as certain and as swift as they!

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I.

HOME of the mighty dead !—illustrious shrine !

On thee the light of lasting glory falls ;

A spell is thrown around thee all divine,

A hallowed spirit haunts thy ancient walls ;

The dust thou hold'st is richer than the mine

Of gold, or diamond, or the splendid halls

Of wealth and grandeur, decked with gems, that fade

Like transient gleams of twilight into shade !

II.

What though the *dust* of god-like men alone

Sleeps in thy marble tombs ? the deathless mind

Shines round us brighter than it ever shone,

When to its temple of the earth confined.

Thy heroes, sages, have bequeathed a boon

That sheds a fadeless lustre on mankind :

What though their ashes in thy dim aisles lie ?

Their virtue, glory, genius, cannot die !

III.

And thou hast witnessed many a gorgeous scene,
Regal investments of our warlike Kings;
Of whom, *some* have to Britain's welfare been
Like deadly serpents with their poisoned stings:
Their Edicts cruel, heartless, bold, yet mean,
Flew, like the pestilence on fatal wings,
And rendered life yet darker than the grave :
Oh ! worse than death it is to live—a slave !

IV.

Time has but clad thee, venerated pile,
With a more touching loveliness—alas !
It deals not thus with changing man, the while
He hastens on to age—swift years that pass
Shatter weak tower and column, arch and aisle
Of life's frail temple ! and, like withered grass,
That shrinks before the mower's scythe, man falls,
While time imparts new grandeur to thy walls.

V.

Thou wast of old a haunt of Monks and Friars !

Who dwelt secluded in thy gloomy cells,
Shunned the wide world, if not the world's desires !

Told beads at matin and at vesper bells,
Spurned nature's rule, and quenched her kindling fires,
Curbed the hot spirit that too oft rebels,
Pondered remote from envy, malice, strife,
A lonely laziness—a lifeless life !

VI.

Adieu ! old Abbey ! I must leave thy scene

And all thy present, and thy future fees
To thy grave Chapter, and thy reverend Dean,

Who makes the seer pay for all he sees !
Yes ! it is thus—and has been thus, I ween,

Since thy first Abbot fleeced the devotees
Who paid for absolution at thy shrine :
Grant *that*, kind reader, for this “ Lay ” of mine.

THE MONUMENT.

I.

Ho! thou long gawky one of Fish-Street Hill!

Thou stand'st as proud as Lucifer! thy head
Stark as a raw recruit's at early drill,

Makes the soft fleecy clouds its lofty bed,
And these around thee dewy drops distil,

Which, mixed with smoke, oft o'er thy visage spread,
Till thou art sable as the race of Negroes,
Black as the jet that in the rolling sea grows!

II.

A word with thee, old column! I would ask

Art thou a heretic? and dost thou "lie
Like a tall bully?" 'tis no pleasing task

To catechise thy swarthy majesty;
But if thou wear'st and long have worn a mask,

Egad 'tis time to throw the juggle by,
And tell the world who kindled "the great fire,"
Who burned the City? Abbot, Monk, and Friar?

III.

Well, "let that pass," as sings the immortal Byron ;

The fire is vanquished, and thou standest yet
Spite of all dangers which thy form environ,

High o'er the Town's great wealth—and greater debt!
A *lofty* theme for one to strike the lyre on:

With *me*, huge giant, thou hast been a pet,
Since first thy image in my horn-book stood,
A blurred chaotic barbarism, in wood!

IV.

I well remember when with young and strong legs

I first ascended thy high-winding stairs,
Puffing and striding on, like Father Long-legs,
(The very same that would not say his prayers;)

Ah! *now* I fear my own would be the wrong legs

To climb so high, o'er earth and earthly cares:
For Time hath worn my *tibia*, thinned my *calf*,
Winnowed my corn of life—and left the chaff!

V.

Oh ! when I gained thy summit ! then I gazed
 O'er the far-spreading Town and gliding river,
On spires, and domes, and lofty roofs, amazed,
 As though I there could stand, and gaze for ever
On splendid works the mind of man had raised,
 And deemed so strong, that they would perish never ;
Or only fall when Time's expiring groan
Rend, like an earthquake, shattering brick and stone !

VI.

I turned, and gazed upon the Tower, and thought
 Of sword, and spear, and halbert brightly gleaming,
Of fearful ills that strife and war had brought,
 The blood of Heroes in the battle streaming,
Of mingling horrors, till I seemed distraught,
 And scarce could tell if I were daft, or dreaming :
While o'er my memory, like the siroc's breath,
Rushed thoughts of treason, suffering, and death !

VII.

And then I thought of John of Gaunt, the giant—

Of ancient dames he must have been the charmer,
With sturdy strong-limbs, ponderous, yet pliant,
Strutting immensely in his seven-feet armour !

The direful plagues commented on by Bryant*

Might have been borne with more composure, calmer,
Than could a modern Miss, or maiden Aunt,
Bear thy sublime advances—John of Gaunt !

VIII.

And now I turned towards the west—the din

Of the dense City rang upon mine ear,
Millions of sounds her crowded streets within

Arose, commingling in the airy sphere
With echoing voices from my kind, and kin,
“ From grave to gay, from lively to severe,”
Untuned, uncouth, uneven, and unstable,
Delightful dissonance ! bewitching Babel !

* See Bryant on “ *The Plagues of Egypt*.”

IX.

I gazed again, and, through the drifting smoke
Beheld a dark and dismal building rise,
Newgate!—Alas! within my brain awoke
Thoughts of the burning tears, the heavy sighs
Of wretches galled by sin's afflicting yoke,
Appalled, and shuddering at their miseries
That grew in horror, till e'en hope at last
Shrunk from the future, blighted by the past !

X.

This was too sombre—so I gazed again,
And marked the pride of London's wealthy street,
The gorgeous Bank—away fled all my pain,
Dreams lulled my soul in an elysium sweet,
Large bank-post bills came floating o'er my brain,
Huge piles of gold insured my bliss complete,
Till, by the noise below, confused and stunned, I
Awoke, and sighed—“*Sic transit gloria mundi!*”

XI.

My hand, as 'twere by instinct, in my pocket
Was quickly thrust—Oh! nothing jingled *there* ;
Fear in an instant slyly struck the docket
Against my Hope!—arrested by Despair,
My snuff of credit burned within its socket ;
I turned, and hurried down the echoing stair,
And slunk dejected from delightful London,
Where, without cash, a man may soon be undone !

XII.

In haste I left the City—far away
Long have I tarried, in my woodland glen ;
Oft spun, as now, XII. stanzas in a day,
Grumbling and growling in my hungry den,
Pale, poor, proud, pondering on a poet's pay,
Toasted my herring on a pipe—and then
Dreamed a long dream of honour, riches, fame,
Surely to come—which surely never came !

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

I.

BANK OF THE WORLD!—there's music in thy name
 As soft it warbles from our quivering throats!
 Oh! I have felt its melody, when came
 Before my sight thy neatly-printed *notes*,
 That charm the strong, the weak, the blind, the lame,
 More than the magic of the sound that floats
 From sackbut, harp, or dulcimer, or all
 Bows, keys, and strings, invented since the fall!

II.

Talk not to me of *Paganini's* scraping,
 And tell me not of Father *Lindley's* Bass,
 That sets his rapt and wondering hearers gaping,
 As though his Fiddle's *mood* had changed their *case*.
 Away with these! and, from their spells escaping,
 Give me *thy* notes, immortal HENRY HASE!
They yield the music that my soul entrances!
They form the jig to which the whole world dances!

III.

Home of huge piles of paper and of gold !

Whence came thy “rise and progress” upon earth ?
Art thou the child of wealth ? if truth were told,
Wert thou not born of poverty and dearth ?
When cash had vanished, credit had been sold
For wasteful war, false glory, nothing worth ?
When first “ *I Promise*” on thy notes was set—
Promise of stocks, and loans, and bonds, and debt !

IV.

Thou poor “ Old Lady of Threadneedle-Street,”

As COBBETT calls thee—but I’d not profane
My pen, and ink, and this unspotted sheet
With aught from *him*, to tell thee of thy bane ;
’Tis labour lost that Giant to defeat,
Howe’er you “ cut” him, still he’ll “ come again,”
Just like a worm that you may hack to shreds,
That twist, and turn to new-formed tails and heads.

V.

Queen of Threadneedle-Street!—a gentler name—

Oh! thou hast wrought sad mischief in the land!

Thy “legal tenders” have allured to shame

And sin and death, the forger’s trembling hand;

While soon thy rich and tempting stores became

Baits to a large and predatory band—

Jobbers, and Brokers, Gamblers, Flats and Cheaters,

And names defying all our English metres!

VI.

In sooth, there’s cause for most romantic wonder,

To him, who like myself, has often seen

The anxious buzzing crowd in thy Rotunda,

Capacious Brokers, squalid Misers, lean,

Whose mingling din is like the distant thunder,

Whose eager eyes are as the lightnings keen,

While each, intent upon his occupation,

Reveals some trait that marks his race and nation.

VII.

The plodding Dutchman, lazy Spaniard, rough
Imperial Russian, and deep-scheming Jew,
And Scot, that knows not when he's gained enough,
And Frenchman, fickle as the summer-dew,
And starched American, "I guess," and bluff
Domestic Englishman, wild Irish too !
Money their God, they transfer, sell or buy,
Worship the golden-calf awhile and—die !

VIII.

Oh, tempting wealth ! thou art the serpent's slime,
Defiling Paradise ! for thou hast wrought
In this fair world much sorrow, and sad crime ;
Through pain and peril thou art hourly sought ;
And art thou worth the care, the toil, the time,
The weary day, the sleepless night, when caught ?
Ha ! there is so much good and ill about thee,
'Tis dangerous living with thee, or without thee !

IX.

Pour forth thy treasures, BANK ! but let them flow
 In smaller streams, enriching vales and hills,
And not in channels, deepening till they grow
 To stagnant pools of wealth : but let thy rills
Diffuse abroad, and gladden as they go
 Palace, and hall, and cot, till all the ills
Of poverty shall flee, and Want no more
Stand a gaunt spectre at the Peasant's door !

X.

Then might fair Commerce, and the smiling train
 Which heavenly Ceres to the fields would bring,
Pour Plenty's blessings o'er the earth and main ;
 The hills would shout for joy, the valleys sing,
And sweet Content dwell in our homes again,
 And Time glide onward with a smoother wing :
Pour forth thy treasures, Bank ! a lack of money,
Leaves Britain like a bee-hive without honey !

XI.

Bank of Old England ! may thy valued store
 Remain exhaustless as the starry dome !
May Men ne'er *dare* to think that thou hast more
 Paper abroad than thou hast gold at home !
This might shipwreck thee on a barren shore
 Where thou would'st find an ignominious tomb,
O'er which Fundholders would lament with sobs—
Brokers be broken—Jobbers lose their jobs !

XII.

But thou stand'st firm, and, in the Book of Fate,
 No doubt 'tis written—though I never read it—
That thou *wilt* stand, a pillar of the state,
 If not a *golden* prop, yet one of *credit* !
Defying him, who bankrupt, in his hate
 Would bite, as will a Cat the hand that fed it !
Stand firm ! unshaken as the lasting hills,
And—Oh ! refuse not to discount my bills !

WHITEHALL.

I.

PROUD regal Pile ! magnificent WHITEHALL !

Palace of Kings long mingled with the earth !
(For Kings, like Peasants, breathe awhile and fall)

Home of the Banquet ! silenced is the mirth
That rung, when WOLSEY, by his wealth could call

Mummers, and maskers, things of little worth,
To please his royal master, HARRY TUDOR,
On whose escutcheon please to read—" *Proh pudor !*"

II.

Unhappy BOLEYN ! in this splendid spot

Thou knelt'st in beauty on thy bridal-morn,
And dreams of coming sorrow haunted not

Thy spirit then, that seemed for gladness born,
And power, and empire, and a cloudless lot,

That ne'er might droop, o'er shadowed and forlorn,
Nor sink beneath the unresisted flood
Of hopeless grief, whose fatal tide was blood !

III.

Palace ! thy name jars painful on the ear !

A dim sepulchral veil around thee spread,
Tells of the fallen King's untimely bier—

Tells of the lorn and royal victim dead—
Yes ! CHARLES was borne to hapless slaughter here ;
And he who has the solemn lesson read,
Will mark the moral which his end hath taught,
That wealth and greatness, power and fame are nought !

IV.

Yet, as I gaze upon the high roof, where

The magic hand of genius has defined
Pictures of loveliness, surpassing fair,
That show the fadeless sunlight of the mind,
Spirit of REUBENS ! thou seem'st hovering there

To tell that fame is *not* to time confined ;
That genius never dies, but still is seen
Crowned with the laurel, and for ever green !

V.

How many deeds, commissions, proclamations,

“ Given at our Palace,” have been duly signed :

Some breathing threats against the distant nations,

Others of more domestic traits combined,

To awe the rabble in their starving stations,

Who raised a storm but could not “ raise the wind !”

Some ordered demagogues to keep their houses,

Where they might play the tyrant with their spouses !

VI.

Strange ! that the first who cry out “ We are Slaves !”

Should be the first to play the tyrant !—well,

Rulers and people struggle to their graves,

And not a stone will here remain to tell

Of thee, WHITEHALL !—Time’s overwhelming waves

Will sweep thy splendour from the earth ! farewell !

“ We fade as doth a leaf,” a goodly text

That weans our thoughts from this world to the next !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE WRECK OF A BRIG

OFF DUNWICH.

THE hurricane roared through the starless night ;
Waves leap'd as the mountains high ;
And the sea-bird scream'd in his wild affright :
Loud rose the sailor's cry !

And when the dim morn from the lowering east
Broke o'er the storm-clad sea,
It was only to show Death's havoc feast,
On the day of his jubilee !

I heard in that morn the dire shout of distress
Ring sharp from the parting deck ;
And from Walberswick Harbour to Orford Ness
The beach was strewn with wreck !

I wander'd alone on the echoing shore,
While the waves of the troubled bay
Sent up to the heaven their angry roar,
Like madden'd beasts of prey !

And I saw, as I turn'd, the dishevell'd hair
Stream wildly on the gale ;
And I heard the horrible cry of despair,
And the Mother's fearful wail,

As she rush'd, in the strength of her agony, past,
Like a wretch whose hope was gone ;
And I heard her groans in the mocking blast,
And her shriek—" My Son ! My Son !"

She knelt on the beach, and her hands on high
Were thrown ; and her lips apart,
Her pallid brow, and her frantic eye,
Told the doom of a broken heart !

She gazed on the wreck that was floating near,
Where she saw, on the heaving billow,
With the scatter'd shrouds for its rocking bier,
And the foam of the sea for its pillow :

She saw the corse of her Son ! the sight
Gave a pang to her bursting heart,
That sank 'neath the withering deadly blight,
Which may come, but ne'er depart !

The next huge wave, in its giant strength,
Threw the corse at the Mother's feet,
With the sea-weed wrapp'd o'er its ghastly length,
A cold, cold winding-sheet !

I saw the sad Mother trembling stand,
Methinks I see her now,
As she, shuddering, slowly passed her hand
O'er the dead man's icy brow.

She shed no tear, and she heaved no sigh,
But she stood as though the dire
And horrible glare of his unclosed eye
Had sear'd her heart, like fire !

When the stay of our earthly joy is past,
All wreck'd on the shoal of time ;
Oh ! where shall the soul her anchor cast
In this world of woe and crime ?

There *is* a haven, to which her bark
May steer, where the tempests cease,
Till the dove to the worn and shattered ark,
Brings the olive leaf of peace.

Yes ! the wounded heart must seek for health,
At a spring which faileth never ;
That glideth and giveth its priceless wealth,
By the throne of God, for ever !

TO THE ALTAR

OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, HANOVER-SQUARE.

HAIL to thee, ALTAR ! thou hast long

 Been greeted by the voice of fame :

Oh ! worthy of the Poet's song !

 Witness of honour and of shame !

Thou spot, where beauty's flower is plunder'd,

Where hands are join'd, though hearts be sunder'd !

Oh ! could'st thou speak, thy tale would bear

 A record and a mournful token

Of vows extorted by despair,

 Of blighted hopes and young hearts broken !

A blotted page that one must be

Whereon is traced thy history !

From thee hath many a trembling bride
 Turn'd with cold heart and burning brain,
The victim to a parent's pride—
 A barter'd thing, a wretch, for gain ;
A fetter'd slave, all meanly sold
For that prime curse of curses—gold !

The proud, the rich, the mean, the high
 Have knelt before thee ! Oft the rake
Hath there pronounced the ready lie,
 Deceitful as the Eden snake ;
While his soft traitor-lips replied
To queries which his heart denied !

Yet there *are* hearts that well may date
 The era of their joy from thee,
The birth-place of the brightest fate
 That wedded life and love may be !
Hearts that have bless'd, that bless thee now,
In memory of their plighted vow.

How long, how fondly, memory dwells
On moments past that led to bliss !
Not time, which breaks all other spells,
E'er broke the heavenly charm of this,
Which falls upon the heart like dew
That decks the faded flower anew.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

THE mound is green, the grass is growing.

O'er the newly platted grave ;

Fast the tide of time is flowing,

Whelming all beneath its wave.

I joy to think that wave may bear

Me onward to a world of bliss ;

That I may see and love him there,

Whom I so fondly prized in this !

My Father !—Oh ! thy name is yet

A treasured thought, and long will be,

E'en till with parting life shall set

The pole-star of my memory !

For thou to me hast been below
 A guide to warn, a light to guide ;
To thy unceasing love I owe
 More than to all the world beside !

Thy kindness now seems doubly dear,
 Since thou art gone, and gone for ever !
How bright Affection's hues appear,
 Which nought can dim, though death may sever !

So, when the summer sun departs,
 And wintry darkness reigns alone,
Then o'er the memory of our hearts
 Beams brighter still his brightness gone !

Parent spirit! gone before me !
 Look'st thou from thy starry throne ?
Haply now thou watchest o'er me,
 Sorrowing at thy grave alone.

Here the world, its truth, its error,
Wealth, and glory, all are vain ;
Joy and sorrow, hope and terror,
Cease, where death alone can reign !

The grave ! that frail and silent dwelling,
What is all its gloom to me ?
Is not e'en its silence telling
What my own sure fate must be !

Yes ! but here awhile I gather
Flowers of memory, springing fast :
Cherish'd thus for thee, my Father !
Long their grateful bloom will last !

And oh ! when time and death shall sever
Me from every earthly tie,
Then, to dwell with thee for ever !
That hope will make it bliss to die !

MY BIRTH-DAY.

OLD TIME ! thou fliest on thy track,
 And wilt not deign to give me back
 One little vanished year !

In spite of threat, or laugh, or gibe,
 Above the reach of prayer or bribe,
 Thou keep'st thy swift career !

Stay but one day—one hour—one minute !
 Heed not the race, for thou must win it ;
 Pause but a moment—No !
 Thou wilt not, must not, cannot stay,
 For ever on the wing—away,
 Go, subtle Varlet ! Go !

Yet, as thou glidest softly by,
 Shall vain regret, or fruitless sigh
 Distract my bosom now ?
 Thy flight is like the viewless breeze,
 'Tis all too late for me to seize
 The grey lock on thy brow !

'Too *late* ! renounce the chilling thought,
Can I not catch, as I have caught,
 Thy forelock now and then ?
And shall the rust of forty years,
Their clouds, and storm, and toil, and tears,
 Repress the souls of men ?

What, though I've reached the " half-way " hill,
And gained its quiet summit ? still
 The bounded vale below
May yield some pleasant sunny hours,
And bright green spots, and blooming flowers,
 And streams that calmly flow.

What, though the glow of manhood's prime,
The fair and cloudless summer-time .
 Of life may soon depart ?
Its autumn blasts may round me sweep,
I reckon not these if I can keep
 Its winter from my heart !

Oh ! I have joyful blessings given,
Countless, and undeserved, from heaven ;
 And shall my thankless mind
Not feel and own a grateful sense
Of God's o'er ruling providence,
 All merciful and kind ?

Come, sweet content, and hope, and peace !
As life's star wanes may ye increase,
 And brighter, purer grow,
So that I well may feel at last
A holy joy at having passed
 My pilgrimage below !

THE VILLAGE.

WRITTEN UPON THE ROOKERY-HILL,
AT YOXFORD.

'Tis Night—the weary world is still ;
 Forgotten and alone
 I muse, upon the wooded hill,
 Beneath the summer-moon,
 That seems as though she smiled more bright,
 While listening to the bird of night !

Beside me sweeps the spreading glade ;
 Around me spring the flowers ;
 And far below, amid the shade
 Of happy green-wood bowers,
 All bright beneath the spangled skies,
 My loved and lovely Village lies.

There many a high aspiring dome,
And lowly cot is seen ;
There many a glad and peaceful home,
Where pride nor care has been —
Where hearts are undisturbed by strife,
Unruffled on the sea of life.

And yet, perchance, of all who now
Rest there, enchained by sleep,
Some wretch may wake with throbbing brow,
And eyes unclosed, to weep :
Whose heart, within its blighted core,
May feel the glow of hope no more !

Oh ! in a spot so fair as this,
Which nature's heavenly hand
Has painted for her bower of bliss,
Her Eden of the land—
In this fair spot life's stream should glide,
One sweet, unchanged, unbroken tide.

Dear peaceful Village ! though from thee
 My thoughts are wont to roam,
To distant scenes o'er earth and sea,
 THOU only art my home ;
In thee alone my treasure lies—
My all of joy beneath the skies !

Here, here alone, I feel the spell,
 All earthly spells above ;
Oh ! here my friends, my children dwell,
 Here smiles my own true love !
Vain world ! I would not change this spot
For all thou hast, and I have not !

Now slow the beauteous landscape fades
 Beneath the waning moon ;
And I forsake these lovely glades,
 To seek my home alone :
Still, still the scene shows fair and bright ;
Thou Village of my heart ! Good Night !

LINES,

WRITTEN UPON THE LID OF A COFFIN.

SLEEP on !—sleep on !—The world, and all
 Its hopes and fears, its grief and glee,
 Man's weal and woe, his rise and fall,
 Are sealed, for ever sealed to thee !
 I deemed—too early knew—that thou
 Would'st fade in youth ; I marked the cold,
 Pale hand of death pass o'er thy brow ;
 I knew thy transient days were told !

Oh ! when thy smile hath beamed most bright,
 And when thy lips have breathed of pleasure,
 I marked the deadly withering blight
 Steal from thy cheek its rosy treasure !
 Yet thou hast fondly wished, nay, planned,
 In future scenes to bear thy part ;
 So bright the seraph Hope had spanned
 Her bow of promise o'er thy heart !

Oh ! loved, lost MARY !—Thou no more
Behold'st the burning tears I shed :
How vain the grief that lingers o'er
The coffin of the dreamless dead !
Yet I must weep—no fate can stay
The waves of woe that o'er me roll ;
No hand can pluck the veil away,
Which hides the light that blessed my soul !

Still, MARY! since I know thee blest,
For *thee* I must not, dare not weep ;
I only long to share thy rest,
Thy peaceful couch, thy envied sleep.
Though my soul's hope hung on thy breath,
Thou to so bright a world art gone,
I would not 'wake thee, sweet, from death,
Though loved in life :—sleep on !—sleep on !

MARY.

IF HEAVEN WOULD MAKE ME SUCH ANOTHER WORLD
 OF ONE ENTIRE AND PERFECT CHRYSOLITE,
 I'D NOT HAVE SOLD HER FOR IT.

SHAKSPEARE.

I SAW her sleeping in her shroud,
 When cold and pale in death she lay;
 And while her Father wept aloud,
 I turn'd in mute despair away—
 That which *his* eye could bear to see,
 Brought torments worse than death to me !

One moment more, I gazed again :
 That hasty glance of anguish brought
 A world of hopeless woe and pain,
 A changeless, cheerless age of thought,
 Which to my lonely heart could bring
 In life no balm, in death no sting !

Yes, MARY ! then my cup of grief
O'er-flowed—and I have drain'd it now,
E'en to the dregs ! *Thy* span was brief—
But I am like a withering bough
That lives, though storms have torn away
The glories of its summer-day !

Oh ! could I sleep as thou art sleeping,
With pangless breast and tearless eye !
Yet, mine no more for thee is weeping,
The fountain of my tears is dry ;
I live to dull despair alone,
As though my heart were chill'd to stone !

Farewell awhile ! life's stormy sea
Will soon be pass'd—and I may dwell
In some far brighter world with thee,
In which that joyless sound, *farewell*,
Breaks that most hallow'd transport never,
Which there is felt, and felt for ever !

THE DROWNED MAN.

I WAS walking alone on Dunwich shore ;

There cold a dead man lay !

His face with blood was clotted o'er

And it dripped with the salt sea-spray :

And there lurked a horror in either eye,

That arrested the glance of the passer by.

I gazed again—I gazed once more—

And I saw the livid spot,

And the flesh that the wild sea-harpies tore

'Mid the waves in their pebbly grot :

And the blood which they had not sucked from his veins,

Had oozed o'er his body and left its stains.

Its stains of a horrible hue were spread

On his cheek, and his ghastly brow ;

And still as I muse on that seaman dead,

Methinks I can view him now,

With his stiff stark hands, that had grasped in vain,

The hem of his garment, in death's sharp pain !

I turned from that sight—and, sick at heart,
 I thought of the dead man's home,
Of his wife, and the burning tears that must start,
 When she mourn o'er her children's doom ;
I left the shore, and I sought my bed,
But only to dream of the hideous dead !

I dreamed that he came to my own bed-side,
 And he said, with a ghastly smile,
“ Come away ! come away ! to the surging tide,
 To death's cold, dreary Isle ! ”
And I 'woke with the strife of that mental pain,
But—only to dream of the dead man again !

REFLECTIONS ON THE NEW YEAR.

YEAR rolls on year ! Time flies so fast,
 We scarce perceive his flight, nor deem
 The present moment, nor the past,
 Has realized our golden dream.
 Well, let us dream ! to 'wake and mourn
 For blessings lost, or sorrows borne,
 Would only place us on the rack,
 And could not bring one moment back !

No ! Time hath only *one* lock—grey—
 And that, alas ! not seen behind ;
 Unless we seize the thief to day,
 He flies us like the idle wind :
 Aye, *thief* I deem him—for, he steals
 Our youth away, which oft reveals,
 Visions so bright with endless joy,
 Which nought but *Time* could e'er destroy !

So let him fly ! could we pursue,
And bring him back, we might not love him;
Time *present* wears a sombre hue,
Except to minds that soar above him !
To minds which bow not to that fate
Which leaves the coward desolate !
To minds that soar above the sorrow
Which threatens to day, or waits to-morrow !

Yet would I not forget that all
The worldly things which charm us here,
With them that rise—and them that fall—
Are passing with the passing year :
We *all* are changing ! heedless Time,
E'en now, regardless of my rhyme,
Dull hovering o'er oblivion's brink,
Blots out the moments as I think !

Well ! *other* moments follow—Yes !

And why may they not brightly smile ?

The storm that wrecks our happiness,

Is often mercy veiled awhile :

I love to *feel* the hour was given,

A joyous beam that lights to heaven !

I love to pluck the flowers that bloom,

Between the cradle and the tomb !

Oh ! what a paradise is spread

Around us here ! our life discloses

Amid the trivial ills we dread,

For every thorn a thousand roses !

Away with Care !—fair Hope ! inspire

The drooping world ! and lend thy fire

To warm our hearts, and light us o'er

Life's path—till life shall be no more !

TO MY CHILD AT PLAY.

PLAY on, my little one ! fair is thine hour ;

How jocund thy spirit, how cloudless and bright !

While care haunts the court, and the camp, and the bower,

Thy heart only feels the warm thrill of delight !

Play on ! for thy gambols, so blithesome and free,

It were pleasure to share, as 'tis joy to behold ;

Thou art merry and wild as the revelling bee,

Thou art blithe as a lamb just escaped from the fold.

Oh, could'st thou through life be as happy as now,

With thy heart as unclouded, thy bosom as pure ;

Could the joy of that smile which enlightens thy brow,

And the rapturous glow of thy spirits, endure !

But I would not with dread of the future oppress thee ;

Play on ! and remember, that nothing can tear

From thy innocent bosom the hopes that now bless thee,

But the vice of the world :—all thy danger lies there !

And when its temptations beset thee, my Child,
Oh, think of the truth which my verse would impart;
And be ne'er by its folly, its madness, beguil'd,
But in purity keep all the thoughts of thy heart !

More joy will it give me in life, if thy name
Be a word to awaken the feeling of worth ;
More joy than to see thee exalted by fame,
And rich in the wealth and the grandeur of earth !

Yes ! *goodness* will yield to thy soul a delight
Which the splendour of *greatness* can never bestow ;
And while virtue directs thee, her heavenly light
Will reveal the sweet flowers in thy path-way below !

Thus favour'd and happy, thus blessing and blest,
Thou wilt pass through the world, unallur'd by its crime ;
Thus living, be honoured ; thus dying, thy rest
Will be endless in glory—thy triumph o'er time !

STANZAS, WRITTEN IN WINTER,

TO THE SOLE REMAINING LEAF OF AN OAK-TREE, IN THE FARM-YARD,

AT DEERBOLT'S HALL, EARL STONHAM, SUFFOLK.

WHY lingerest thou—alone—alone—

While all thy mates are fled ?

Thy race, and kindred, one by one,

Have withered, and are dead.

I marked thee, on that spreading bough,

When thou wast fair to see ;

But thou art seared and lonely now—

Oh ! leave that blighted tree !

For thou bring'st back the thought of her,

Of her I oft have met,

Whom, though my wayward heart may err,

That heart can ne'er forget.

Beneath thy bough, when bright the sun
Sank joyous in the west,
Oft have I met that lovely one,
And, meeting her, was blest.

The last sad time we met, this oak
Was clad in garb of green ;
Our hearts beat high—our young eyes spoke
How glad those hearts had been.

She smiled—and o'er her cheek so fair,
Blushed deep the mantling blood ;
Though warm that cheek, yet death lurked there,
Like canker in the bud !

She died !—Farewell thou leaf ! bereft
Of all that decked thy tree,
Oh ! thou art seared—and lonely left—
And desolate, like me !

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS EMIGRATING TO CANADA.

FAREWELL ! the broad and restless sea

Will soon between us roll ;

Though wind and wave so changeful be,

They cannot change the soul :

That heeds not distance, place, nor time,

But darts unchecked from clime to clime !

And when thou dwellest far away

Amid the clustering woods,

Among the valleys bright and gay,

In nature's solitudes,

There still with thee my mind will range,

Partake thy chance, and share thy change.

Oh ! when thou hear'st the wandering gale
Come whispering from the lake,
The varied sounds of hill and dale,
The wild bird in the brake ;
Think of the sounds on *Albion's* shore,
That charmed thee once, but charm no more !

And when the eve's last lingering ray
Along the sky has darted,
Think of that sad declining day,
Think of the day we parted ;
How many suns must rise and set,
Ere we can say " once more we're met !"

When thou hast passed the stormy main,
I may not see thee more ;
Mine ear may never hear again
Thy footstep at my door,
Nor listen to thy voice, that brought
The friendly interchange of thought.

Farewell! and may the distant clime,
 To which thou goest now,
Be to thy soul like summer-time,
 Like green leaves to the bough,
That show the wintry storms of care
Are past, and all is bright and fair !

CASTLE-BUILDING.

THE days are fled—the merry prime
 When first that will-o'the-whisp, sweet rhyme,
 Misled my giddy brain ;
 Ye cloudless hours of life and light,
 Ye moments, joyful, rapturous, bright,
 Yee'll ne'er come back again !

And, if ye *could*, with all your folly,
 Your lengthened mirth, short melancholy,
 Your sunny beams all fair ;
 Could these again life's pathway gild,
 Again I should but live to build
 More castles in the air !

Oh ! I built *one* so splendid, high,
 Across the bright and dazzling sky,
 With turret, tower, and wall,
 And fancy's mortar, hope's cement,
 Were spread on arch and battlement,
 I *knew* they could not fall !

I prized their strength and art so well,
And placed Joy as a Sentinel,
 To guard the towers above ;
Hope was my Warder, and his horn
Was mellow as the breath of morn,
 His only watch-word “ Love !”

Alas ! there lowered a dark eclipse,
One scornful puff from Lydia’s lips
 Dissolved the structure vain ;
Quick from the melting rampart’s fell,
My Warder and my Sentinel,
 Ah ! me ! a slighted swain !

Still I went *building* on so long,
Huge walls in prose, and towers in song
 Sublimely great, and steep ;
Till Love once more stole o’er the fosse,
And after mickle pain and loss,
 Confined me in his *keep* !

And now youth's wild romance is o'er,
I touch not fancy's trowel more,
 To build for thankless dames ;
A winning, worrying wife of mine,
Eleven bairns*, and "the tuneful nine,"
 Are quite enough for—JAMES.

* Verissime !

ADDRESS TO TIME.

OLD hoary TIME ! how many streams of thought
 Have gushed in Odes and Sonnets unto thee !
 More than the hues of light by nature caught,
 More than the sands beside the rolling sea—
 If poet's songs were each but worth a groat,
 How rich thy magazine of wealth would be !
 Thy ponderous millions would be countless : bless us !
 Thou would'st be wealthier than the ancient Cræsus !

Many have jested with thee, Time ! My measure
 Shall move more gravely—for it seems no joke,
 When thou, who bow'st the subject world at pleasure,
 Beneath the mighty slavery of thy yoke,
 When thou art sported with ! a fleeting treasure !
 We must not jest too long, nor thee provoke
 To sweep thy scythe with thy avenging hand,
 Shake thy frail glass, and dribble out life's sand !

Thou art a great, yet slighted monarch, crushing
Earth's puny atoms 'neath thy withering wing,
While o'er creation and her kingdoms rushing,
An all important, yet neglected thing !
Fast are the waters of thy fountain gushing,
Still flowing on from thy exhausting spring,
Down the abyss where dull oblivion lies,
With death's cold hand upon her darkened eyes !

And art thou not a fickle despot, Time ?
Blighting the flowers which thine own hand hath planted !
Blasting the hope we cherished in our prime,
Leaving our riper years all disenchanted !
Then, swayed by reason, rather than by rhyme,
The things for which our ardent bosoms panted
Are cast as weeds upon dim memory's shore,
While the soul seeks, in restless hope, for more !

Unchecked she ranges o'er the varied realm

Of boundless thought ! and if on life's rough sea
She keeps her pilot, Reason, at the helm,

Smooth may the progress of her voyage be,
Shoals will not wreck, nor billows overwhelm,

Still gliding on, from storm and tempest free,
Calm may she gain the haven of her rest,
Secure for ever, and for ever blest !

And thou, e'en thou, proud Time ! must pass away ;

Thy sceptre will be torn from thee, and broken !
And thou, the slayer, shalt no longer slay,

When the dread mandate of thy doom be spoken ;
Thy throne shall totter, crumble, and decay,

And thou wilt die ! and leave no trace, no token
Of all thy mighty works to tell of thee,
Lost in the vastness of Eternity !

CONSTANCY.

SHE dwelt in her dear native vale, where the light
 Of her loveliness shone like the planet of night,
 That makes all clad in beauty more beautiful still,
 Adds new charms to the valley, new grace to the hill !

O'er that spot, nature's bounty profusely had thrown,
 From her garner of treasures, rare gems of her own ;
 And its beautiful glades were as happy as fair,
 For the pride of the valley, young ADA, was there !

Oh ! the charm of her smile was so sunny and bright,
 Her form, like a seraph's, all graceful and light,
 And her eloquent eye softly told that its ray
 From the sun of her soul had just darted away !

Yes ! she breathed the fair sylph of that sweet shaded spot,
 Bloom'd the chaste, lovely flower of her vine-cover'd cot,
 Where the beauty of nature enchantingly smiled—
 Where the mother was blest in the love of her child.

And of ADA's fond heart, there was *one*, who possess'd
All its hope—the devotion, the truth of her breast ;
And whose love was to her as the flower to the bee,
Or the leaf that ne'er fades on the evergreen tree !

But the pride of her soul, the brave SEYMOUR, was far
From the bowers of her home 'mid the tumult of war ;
With the fervour of youth, o'er the wide-rolling wave,
He had rush'd to the fight, with the noble and brave.

He departed ! The ocean divided them now,
And the care for his absence was marked on her brow,
Where anxiety's fear, the soft shading of sorrow,
Veil'd the bliss of to-day 'neath the hope of to-morrow !

Time fled—and he came not—again, and again,
Had the summer-sun smiled o'er the deep, heaving main ;
Oh ! how drear was the night, and how cheerless the day,
While he dwelt from her own lovely valley away !

Now the sweet, blooming spring brought delight to the earth,
And the bud and the floweret rejoiced in their birth ;
And though bright glowed the scene which around her
 was spread,
Yet the spell of her heart, its enchantment, had fled.

He sent not—return'd not—she heard of his fame,
And her heart burn'd with joy at the tidings which came ;
For the star of her being was cloudless or dim,
As Fate dealt her storm or her sunshine to him !

How slow wane the hours when the form we most prize
Far away ! far away ! is estranged from our eyes !
And the moments to ADA thus painfully wrought
The sad dread of suspense, the dejection of thought.

“ He is gone !—and for ever !—if living, no more
Dwells his thought on the scenes he so valued before ;
SEYMOUR shares not the laurels he wins for his brow
With the heart that hath loved, and that worships him now !

“Yes! they tell me, my dear humble home from his thought
Is all vanish’d away like a dream that is nought:
No! No! he may fall in the morning of youth,
But his heart is the temple of virtue and truth!”

Thus she pensively mourn’d—and, though many a swain
Had bow’d down at the shrine of her beauty in vain;
Where her worshippers knelt, and exultingly told
Of their spacious domains, and their treasures of gold,

Yet she heeded them not!—As the flower that will turn
To the light of its life, wheresoe’er it may burn;
So to SEYMOUR her heart turn’d its hope, though the ray
That could cherish that hope from her sight was away.

The sun was slow wending to seek for his rest,
In the cool ruby bower of his realm in the west,
While his beams softly play’d on the light waving trees,
That now whisper’d their joy at the kiss of the breeze!

In that hour lovely ADA dejectedly sate
By the door of her cottage, she mused on her fate ;
And though sweetly her bird trill'd his song to her ear,
Its soft music had lost the rich notes that could cheer.

And the book she most loved, which had often repress'd
The dominion of sorrow that vanquished her breast;
Its page, once so prized, failed to comfort her now,
Or to chase the despair that o'ersadow'd her brow !

Hope died in her soul : hark ! a footstep is nigh,
And a shadow has caught the bright glance of her eye—
She turns—her breath quickens—before her he stands,
Her own SEYMOUR !—the book from her tremulous hands

Now fell, as she sprang, like an arrow that flies,
Or a dove that darts swift to her mate in the skies,
While her heart all its truth, all its ardour confess'd,
As her fast-changing cheek softly sank on his breast.

At that moment the rose, which she wore in her bosom,
Fell down at her feet with its redolent blossom ;
As though *now* all its charms had no fragrance nor worth,
Since that bosom possess'd all its treasure on earth !

Oh, ADA ! dear ADA ! the noon of thy youth,
Shall be blessed for thy constancy, virtue, and truth ;
And SEYMOUR ! brave SEYMOUR ! thy honour shall be,
Thy sure pass-port to joy—beauty's garland to thee !

Oh, Woman ! what bliss, what enchantment, we owe
To the spell of thy heart, to thy solace below,
To thy truth so enduring, thy kindness and care
In the morning of joy, in the night of despair !

To thy soul's chosen Love thou unchanged wilt remain,
In health and in sickness, in pleasure and pain ;
And, when closed are his eyes in Death's mortal eclipse,
Even then, still is his the last kiss of thy lips !

And over his grave thou wilt mournfully keep
Thy lone vigil of sorrow, to pray and to weep :
Yes! to pray—that his errors of heart be forgiven,
And that *thou* may'st yet meet him unsullied in heaven!

ON THE BIRTH OF MY CHILD, ALEYN.

HAIL! thou little sinless boy!
May'st thou be thy Mother's joy;
And from thee, love, may thy Father,
Hope, and peace, and solace gather.
When I look upon thy bosom,
Heaving like the white-rose blossom,
When zephyrs, at the break of day,
Come to kiss its tears away:
And when I gaze upon thy brow,
Oh! I think, though placid now,
When the world, and worldly cares,
Throw o'er thy path unnumbered snares,
That brow may be by sorrow shaded,
That smile upon thy young lips faded,
And time, which now brings joy to me,
May yield its future griefs to thee.
I would not o'er thy cradle throw,
The dread of fancied ills below,

When my only hope should rest
On HIM, the greatest, wisest, best !
Whose light is shed from heaven above,
A rainbow, o'er his ark of love,
Which tells that life's dark voyage o'er,
Its storms and clouds may vex no more !

THE FARMER'S FAMILY.

I SAW them at Christmas-Eve sit in their places,
 While the Farmer's board smiled with a cup of spiced ale;
 And I marked humour's sun-light illumine their faces,
 As archly he told them some marvellous Tale.
 Hurrah! for the Yeoman,
 That careth for no man,
 Excepting so far as to make him more blest;
 Rich be his garnered store,
 Flourish for evermore
 Peace in his home.—Give ambition the rest!

I saw the good Housewife benignantly smiling,
 While mirth and good nature presided around,
 And the generous warmth of her heart was beguiling
 The winter of care, till no care could be found!
 Hurrah! for the Woman,
 The wife of the Yeoman,
 With joy for her motto, and hope for her crest;
 Her household in order,
 Her care will reward her
 With social delights.—Give ambition the rest!

I heard the young Children, their wild burst of laughter,
As the old blind-man's buff filled their bosoms with glee;
And I felt my heart sinking for half an hour after,
To think that the sport had departed from me !
Hurrah ! for the playing Ones,
They are time-slaying Ones,
Life's roses spring up where their footsteps are prest;
They cherish no sorrow,
Nor care for the morrow,
They are happy and free.—Give ambition the rest !

And I heard, at the feast, the o'erjoyed Sons of labour
Commingleing their voices in music and song,
While the youths and the maidens, to glad pipe and tabor,
In the maze of the dance were light tripping along.
Hurrah ! for the Peasantry,
Good-will and pleasantry !
May their hearts, while they labour, have peace for their guest ;
For the scythe and the sickle,
Though fortune be fickle,
Shall yield them content.—Give ambition the rest !

The Farmer's eye glistened—a tear from joy's fountain
Was bright in its orb, from his heart's grateful spring,
While the sweet seraph, Hope, from her loftiest mountain
Was pointing to scenes which the future might bring!
Hurrah! for the Yeoman,
That careth for no man,
Excepting so far as to make him more blest;
Rich be his garnered store,
Flourish for evermore
Peace in his home.—Give ambition the rest!

THE PATH OF LIFE.

THEY say there's a thorny path of life—

In truth I have seldom found it !

I have shunned the scene of worldly strife,

And the dangerous rocks around it :

I deem it a folly to seek for pain,

On the mountain of pride, when there's peace in the plain !

'Tis said that life is beset with briars—

Indeed I have rarely seen them !

I limit my hopes, and my own desires,

And gather content between them.

Full half the ills of life are nought,

Unknown to Man's bosom, except in thought !

They tell me that life is a vale of sorrow—

I deem it a vale of bliss !

I have peace for to-day, I have hope for to-morrow

And what is there cheerless in this ?

Yes—Providence gladness to all imparts,

May it give us the blessing of grateful hearts !

So tell me no more of the gloomy time
That man dwells in a vale of tears,
When so buoyant with hope is his early prime,
And so glad his riper years.
If the path-way of life will be chequered by sadness,
Though *one* hour may bring sorrow—the *many* bring gladness!

TO CATHERINE MARY MOODIE,

AN INFANT,

ON HER EMBARKING FOR NORTH AMERICA.

WHEN I held thee, sweet Babe, in my arms on the ocean,
When I gazed on thy face as we bore from the strand ;
Then I thought of the future with kindling emotion,
I thought of thy home in a far distant land !

Though rudely the mighty Atlantic will rock thee,
Though the star of thy life rises far in the west !
May no halo of hope show its brightness to mock thee,
May the *true* sun of joy ever shine in thy breast !

When the flower of thy life is unfolded, Oh ! cherish
The fragrance that virtue around it will shed,
That will give it a sweetness which never can perish,
Adorn it when living, embalm it when dead !

THE ORDEAL OF THE HEART.

FAIR beam'd the morn—the glowing way
 Blush'd, as the orient god of light
 Forsook its breast, and ardent gave
 His smiles to earthly things more bright !

Sweet was the breath of opening May ;
 So blithe were birds on tree and thorn,
 As though they tuned their richest lay
 To grace the birth of the bridal morn.

And in her bower, expectant there,
 Stood LILIAS, loved and lovely maid,
 Sweet as the rose, though far more fair,
 And half in joy, and half afraid

She waited for her lover, while
 Her heart with passion's hope beat high ;
 Her blushing cheek, her timid smile,
 Told that the bridal hour was nigh !

But STANLEY came not, though the tongue
Of Time's old herald, from the tower
Of distant abbey, loudly rung
The signal of the promised hour.

“Soon, oh, how soon!” thus LILIAS thought,
“The truant to my arms will fly!”
She turn'd, and in her mirror caught
A glance—and blush'd, she knew not why!

He came not yet—the maiden's eye
Through flowering shrub and blossom'd spray
Look'd anxious, while a gentle sigh
Arose, to chide his long delay.

He linger'd still—he linger'd longer—
How drear the moments pass, how slow,
With her whose doubt of man grows stronger,
Who feels no faith in aught below!

Hark ! 'tis the wind that shakes the bough,
Again—fair LILIAS' listening ear
Smarts with delight—it catches now
The music of his footstep near !

And now in trembling hope she stood,
Turn'd from the youth her lovely face,
With frolic smile and playful mood,
To teach the loiterer better grace !

He spoke—'twas not the voice she knew,
Rich as the mellow'd bugle's lay ;
She turned—and lo ! before her view
A Palmer, in his robe of gray !

“Palmer ! what brings thee here ?” she cried ;
“Lady ! I seek thee in thy bower—
Thou canst not be proud STANLEY's bride ;
Man changes with the changing hour !

“Lady! thy love is false!” “Nay! nay!”

Good Palmer! tell not this to me!

Go, tell it to the heedless spray,

And the wind that rocks the restless sea!

“*I* heed thee not! he *must* be true!

So let thy cheerless stay be brief!

His love is to my heart like dew

That falls to glad the drooping leaf!

“Palmer! farewell!”—“Stay, lady—see!

He sends the pledge thy love once gave;

He spurns the gift—renounces thee—

Shall I tell it *now* to the restless wave?”

She took the pledge, that jewel rare,

Gazed on it long with tearful eye,

Then threw it, with a scornful air,

Down in the stream that murmur'd by.

“ Go, Palmer, go !—but tell it not,
That LILLIAS shed one tear for him :
Though thus estranged our earthly lot,
May his be bright, though mine be dim !

“ And tell him not that my heart is broken,
And fled my fondest, brightest dream ;
Gone, like that first affection’s token,
Swept away by the passing stream !”

The Palmer heard—he mutely stood,
While rush’d the blood o’er his cheek and brow :
Away ! away with the cloak and hood,
And pilgrim staff !—no Palmer now !

No Palmer now, but STANLEY there !
With heart that throb’d in joy, he sprung !
And to her lips so sweetly fair
His own in living rapture clung !

“Forgive me, dearest ! Oh ! forgive,
That thus thy changeless heart I tried :
I loved, must love thee, while I live,
My light, my hope, my joy, my bride !”

TO EMMA.

THE first enchanting joy that springs
 From life's unclouded morn, so bright ;
 The bliss that youth's fond dreaming brings,
 Hath charmed me with its dear delight :
 But not the joys of life's fair morn,
 Nor dreams of raptured fancy born,
 Sweet as the flowers that tempt the bee,
 Were half so sweet—as loving thee !

Oft have I met the jocund throng,
 While hearts beat high with boundless mirth ;
 Have listened to the syren's song,
 That gave to passion's ardour birth ;
 But not the sweets of pleasure's bowl,
 Nor beauty's voice, that charmed the soul,
 Though priz'd, too dearly priz'd, by me,
 Were half so sweet as loving thee !

My eye hath gazed o'er hill and plain,
My steps have ranged in blooming bowers,
My ear hath heard soft music's strain,
My hand hath plucked ambrosial flowers :
But not the scenes that charmed my eye,
Nor music's softest melody,
Nor summer's sweetest flowers, to me
Were half so sweet as loving thee !

And now, that time's destructive fingers
Have changed me, love, since first we met ;
Though care has worn, and faintly lingers
Around my heart and memory yet ;
Still, not old time, who scathed my brow,
Nor care that wrung, and wrings me now,
Can change the bliss that waits on me,
My chosen one ! in loving thee !

THE TWO CHILDREN.

I MET them when the spring's first bloom
Was bright on flower and tree,
Together playing by their home,
In innocence and glee.

I saw them on the summer-day,
Sport near the ripening corn,
Their laughing voices seemed to say,
“For gladness we were born!”

The Autumn showed its yellow leaf,
The Children still were fair,
Their eyes unsullied yet by grief,
Their hearts untouched by care.

I wandered in the winter's frost,
One merry face was gone!
The eldest to their home was lost,
The youngest was alone.

“Come, tell me, little MARY,
Where plays thy Brother now?”
I saw her young cheek vary,
I marked her drooping brow.

“They tell me that my Brother
Can ne’er return to me,
That I must love another,
And play on hill and lea.

“But why did JULIUS leave me?
Ah! why, and when, and how?
He promised not to grieve me,
He never did till now!

“My Father said—and pressed my hand—
‘Thy Brother is but gone
Unto a sweet and pleasant land,
Where sorrow is unknown!’

“ I wish that pleasant land to find,
To play amid the flowers,
I know that I should see him kind,
As in the vanished hours !”

I heard the artless child—the touch
Of sorrow pained my breast,
To think that JULIUS, loved so much,
Had found his final rest !

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY.

I LOOKED on life's Mountain, where proudly it rose,
But dark clouds wrapped its brow, and o'ershadowed
its breast,
In vain mine eye searched for the charm of repose,
Where all seemed in tumult, and nothing at rest.

There were kings in their robes, on the summit they sate,
As they gazed on the fair spreading Valley below,
I could see that they envied the lowlier state,
That they sighed for the peace which they never might
know !

There coronets glittered, and crests were uplifted,
But some who display'd them seemed writhing with pain,
As though their own hearts in the world had been sifted,
Till little but chaff in those hearts might remain !

The Statesman was there, and Ambition had brought
To his cheek a deep glow, to his eye a bright beam ;
Yet I knew by his brow that the struggle of thought
Had awakened his soul from a flattering dream !

And the Warrior sternly stood there in his might ;
As he leaned on his sword, I could see that his brain,
Though the laurel of fame on his temples was bright,
Felt the scath of a fire that left little but pain !

The bold Sons of genius toiled up the steep,
I marked how they strove for distinction and fame,
But I stayed not to witness the gifted-ones weep,
Should they find that their glory is only a name.

I gazed on the Valley ! how sunny and bright
Were its green summer spots, and how fragrant its shade,
E'en the waters were murmuring there with delight,
And the flowers seemed to smile at the music they made !

On the streams the rich barques of fair commerce were gliding,
The fields in luxuriant beauty were drest,
And in hall, farm, and cottage glad hearts were abiding,
That laughed at ambition, content to be blest !

There plenty, with peace for her handmaid, was dwelling,
And rosy-lipped health danced the valley along,
While the voices of youths, and of maidens, were telling
Of unalloyed gladness, in music and song.

I gazed on the Valley—I gazed on the Mountain—
Once more, ere I left them in shadow or light,
And I felt that the soul which can drink at the fountain
Of virtue, is noble, whatever its height !

LUCY JONES.

OFT have I seen the damsel in the fields,
 Leading her white-haired Father, old and blind,
 And oft felt charmed at filial love, that yields
 Its sweetest incense from a heart so kind :
 And, when the warm and balmy eve was still,
 I heard her voice, while at her needle plying,
 Soft as a lute, steal o'er the grassy hill,
 Then 'mid the copse in one low echo dying ;
 So sweetly plaintive were her mellowed tones,
 I paused to hear the song of LUCY JONES.

SONG.

I SAW him on the mountain,
 Then smiled the spot more fair,
 I heard him by the fountain,
 Sweet melody was there,
 For, oh ! his voice seemed tuned to be
 Love's softest music, dear to me !

I met him by the wild-wood,
Where, near the clustering shade,
Together, in our childhood,
In innocence we played,
And dearer still the scene will be,
Since there he breathed his love to me !

He talks to me of beauty,
He claims me for his bride !
I must not fail in duty,
Nor leave my Father's side.
Yet, EDMUND, may I live to see
Thine own sweet home, a home for me !

She ceased her song, but yet the silent eve
Seemed lonely listening to her tender strain,
And still I lingered, charmed, and loth to leave
The magic spot, and longed to hear again

That lay of love, which spoke the guileless breast,

Pure, and devoted to a trusted one :

I left the scene, and, when I sought my rest,

The mystic spell of airy dreams begun ;

In sleep I heard once more the dulcet tones,

And saw the witching face of LUCY JONES.

THE VILLAGE PINE-TREE *.

TREE of the times gone by ! old Pine !
 Days, years, and centuries have been thine !
 What friendly hand first planted thee ?
 Or was thy seed, from Parent-tree,
 Wild wafted to the pleasant scene,
 Where still with proud and lofty mien
 Thou standest, ever towering high ?
 Around thee fading branches die,
 And leaves are withered by the breath
 Of Autumn, chilling them to death,
 While thou but shak'st thy tufted head,
 As though to mock the humbler dead,
 As though thy strength defied all time,
 And thou might'st be, as thou hast been,
 For ages in thy sturdy prime,
 For ever changeless, ever green !

* It stands in the centre of the Village of Yoxford, and, for a Tree of English growth, is, of its kind, one of remarkable size and beauty.

How many heads have death laid low,
That saw thy early branches grow !
How many more may soon depart,
And thou still be as now thou art !
Methinks, old Friend ! 'tis scarcely fair
That thou should'st show so proud an air,
While 'neath thy shadow, passing by,
From year to year, with them that die
The drooping mourners go, to weep
Above the grave, where long must sleep
The kindred branch, which, dead to them,
Their tree of life's a leafless stem !

While thou stand'st there, as though the spite
Of time, and heat, and cold, and storm,
And lightning's anger, could not blight
The strength and beauty of thy form !

Tree ! thou art old, yet in thy prime !
A strange enigma, made by Time !
Much hast thou witnessed in thy life
Of village peace, and village strife,

Hast seen the children 'neath thee play,
With frolic laugh, and spirits gay,
And oft beneath thy spreading boughs
Have youthful lovers breathed their vows,
While from the copse, her tender tale
The plaintive summer-nightingale
Has told, amid the leaves above,
And mingled melody with love ;

For music is an offering mete

For gentle hearts in concert sighing,

Where every word is made more sweet,

Between the songster's pauses dying !

Pine of the Valley ! oft my tread
Has been near thee, by fancy led,
When the cold moon was riding high,
And clouds rushed o'er the wintry sky,
Through which her rays would fitful throw
Their light upon thy head below,
Where the night-gust, in sullen tones,
Swept scornful o'er thy trembling cones,

And, as the wind gave pause, the roar
Of ocean, from the eastern shore,
Came swelling o'er the hills.—Old Tree !
Enduring memory clings to thee,
As to some friend, whom no controul
Of time, or good, or ill estranges ;
But green in feeling, firm in soul,
Grows old in years, yet never changes !

THE DEPARTING YEAR.

DECEMBER 31st, 1832.

MIDNIGHT.

THE YEAR is dying!—and, when fairly dead,
 Strew some unfading flowers upon its bier ;
 Though in its flight came transient hours of dread,
 And days that beamed not always bright and clear ;
 Yet hath the light it leaves us, haply shed
 A brightening hope upon the coming year,
 To which we look, as when not distant far
 We watch the rising of some glorious star !

The year is dying!—but another's dawn
 Will break, ere long, upon the realm of time ;
 Bright be its advent ! fair and calm its morn !
 Its noon and eve be cloudless as its prime !
 May peace, and joy, and plenty's garnished horn
 Pour forth their blessings in our genial clime,
 And trust in heaven, and love to man, appear
 More bright, more glorious, in each passing year !

THE END.

THE END!—grave words, of high import !

Too great with which to make a sport,

In such a Book as mine is !

For, ah ! I fear that, much like me,

The Reader may be glad to see

The short, but welcome FINIS !

How oft, as good and evil blend

In life, we long to see—THE END !

When toiling in our school-boy days,

O'er learning's rough and crooked ways,

We mope, completely jaded ;

When fear and hope so wildly mix,

We scarce know four and two make six,

And wish those days were faded :

The happy days ! no charm they lend,

Of these we most admire—THE END !

And when, half-crazed by wildering love,
We mutter to the moon above,
 And pledge our hearts for ever,
And vow to dearest ANNE, or JANE,
That by their eyes we're wounded, slain,
 That nought our fate shall sever ;
While hearts, new-plighted, sweetly blend,
Of *these* brief days we love—THE END !

And, as we read life's varied Book,
Day after day, at every look
 Some truth our eye engages ;
And may we there instruction find,
To raise and charm the deathless mind,
 Among its chequered pages :
Oh ! as we read, may Virtue lend
Us light, to see with joy—

THE END.

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